JUL 2 3 1945

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH

The Antioch Review

Volume Five · · Summer 1945 · · Number Two

. . . Featuring . . .

THE BRIDGE, *a story* · · *by* Irwin Stark

THE BLUES OF RICHARD WRIGHT
—Ralph Ellison

ARTHUR KOESTLER AND THE LEFT
—Granville Hicks

THIS WAR'S GUILTY CIVILIAN
—S. Mitchell Morse

MR. FIELD'S FREE ENTERPRISES
—Paul Bixler

—Other articles by Heinz Eulau, Stephen Spenser, Walter Locke, Clayton W. Fountain.

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR AT YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO
SUBSCRIPTION THREE DOLLARS A YEAR — SINGLE COPIES SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

"... the most effective refutation of the bureaucratic bogey I have read."
—HEINZ EULAU, in *The New Republic*

"A brilliant job both as a historical study and as an analysis of the nub-problem of bureaucracy." —MAX LERNER

Representative Bureaucracy

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE BRITISH CIVIL SERVICE

By J. DONALD KINGSLEY

Professor of Government in Antioch College; Deputy Executive Director, War Manpower Commission; Co-author, with William E. Mosher of *Public Personnel Administration*, and with David W. Petegorsky of *Strategy for Democracy*.

The first comprehensive study in any country of the "managerial revolution" in government . . . A first-hand analysis of the relationship of bureaucracy to social change and the pattern of political power . . . The setting is England but the conclusions are of universal application to the evolution of functional government.

A BOOK which sheds new light upon one of the major public questions of our day: the social and political implications of bureaucracy.

324 PAGES — $3.50 — ORDER FROM

The Antioch Press, *Yellow Springs, Ohio*

Contents

EDITORIAL 163

THE BRIDGE . . . . *A Story* ..... *Irwin Stark* 166

RICHARD WRIGHT'S BLUES ..... *Ralph Ellison* 198

ARTHUR KOESTLER AND THE FUTURE OF THE LEFT ..... *Granville Hicks* 212

THE GUILTY CIVILIAN ..... *J. Mitchell Morse* 224

MARSHALL FIELD'S FREE ENTERPRISES ..... *Paul Bixler* 232

RELIGION AND POWER ..... *Heinz Eulau* 250

REPARATIONS IN A PATHOLOGICAL ECONOMY ..... *Stephen Spenser* 260

GEORGE W. NORRIS, INDEPENDENT ..... *Walter Locke* 274

LABOR IN THE COMMUNITY ..... *Clayton W. Fountain* 285

WE NOTE . . . . *The Editors* 298

THE READER WRITES 302

CONTRIBUTORS 304

The ANTIOCH REVIEW

VOLUME V Published in June, 1945 NUMBER 2

Copyright 1945, by THE ANTIOCH REVIEW, Incorporated, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Contributions to THE ANTIOCH REVIEW may not be reprinted in whole or in part without the permission of the Editors.

The ANTIOCH REVIEW

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?"

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

- *Editorial Board* -

PAUL BIXLER

W. B. ALEXANDER — LEWIS COREY
VALDEMAR CARLSON — GEORGE R. GEIGER
FREEMAN CHAMPNEY — J. DONALD KINGSLEY
HERMAN SCHNURER

MAX ASTRACHAN, *Business Manager*

Indexed in the *International Index to Periodicals*

Published at Yellow Springs, Ohio, in March, June, September, and December by THE ANTIOCH REVIEW, Incorporated, a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio. THE ANTIOCH REVIEW is not an official publication of Antioch College and the views expressed in its columns are not necessarily those of the College. Subscription rates: $3.00 the year; Canadian, $3.50; Foreign, $4.00. Single copies, seventy-five cents.

Contributions should be sent to The Editors of THE ANTIOCH REVIEW, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Unsolicited manuscripts which are found unavailable for publication will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Editors assume no responsibility for the views expressed by contributors of articles.

Publication Office, 212 Xenia Avenue, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1941 at the post office at Yellow Springs, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The ANTIOCH REVIEW

Volume Five ·.· Summer 1945 ·.· Number 2

EDITORIAL

HARRY HOPKINS has flown to Moscow again and returned. The sixteen Poles have been tried and twelve have been found wanting. The San Francisco Conference has closed without an international incident and with Russia still in the ring. Thus with much suspense and travail has been written another chapter, or perhaps simply an introduction, in the new book of American-Russian relations.

At the time it was written, that chapter did not make light summer reading. And yet in retrospect it would seem a competent, reasonably successful beginning in a difficult relationship had it not been for the rumbling undertone of disaster and defeatism in American public opinion which constantly accompanied it. For more than a month the isolationist diehards, the professional Russophobes, and the "pessimists" had us at war with the Soviet Union. The pattern of their remarks was not exactly new but it was underlined with a new emphasis. You can't compromise with Russian Communism, they said; you can't do business with the Soviets. You can't even expect Russia to honor her international agreements, and that means war to the knife—eventually if not immediately. In any relationship between Russia and the United States, remarks like these demand quite as much attention as any effort at peaceful collaboration from the top.

Underlying the defeatism were two not-well-concealed assumptions: first, that the chief issue in the world today is Russian Communism, and second, that we have made a great effort to co-operate with Russia, and despite our common war, we can't continue that effort any longer.

With these assumptions we profoundly disagree. First, the chief issue is not Russian Communism. It is still democratic socialism. More than eighty years ago Lincoln spoke of democracy as government "of the

people, by the people, and for the people." In this country we have always had a fair degree of rule of and by the people. But in an age in which potential plenty and the fruits of technology have been withheld by powerful private interests, a commonwealth for the people has seemed more and more difficult of attainment. Only a measure of socialism can bring to full realization the substance behind the words "for the people"; to deny that would be shutting our eyes to the facts. Likewise we can say of Soviet Russia that unless she learns more of the social and political techniques of the Western democracies, her socialism will in the long run turn sour in the mouths of her people.

Russia, representing a form of socialism, and the United States, representing a form of democracy, are the two foremost states in the world today. But it would be a mistake to say that either state is an ideological model for other states or to believe that either Communism or Democracy is an absolute. In Russia itself Communism has become strongly mixed with nationalism. It is so mixed in China, and the indications are that not even Rumania, Poland, or the other states of eastern Europe will become little Russias although they have Communist parties and it is clear that they want a degree of socialism. These countries would welcome assistance in democracy (not, of course, through reactionary groups like the Polish Government-in-Exile) if it were freely offered.

Nor can the Western democracies stand still. Socialist parties like the CCF in Canada look with a friendly, though not a servile, eye on Soviet Russia. British labor excludes Communists, yet a Britain in which Labor has come to power will be more friendly to the great socialist state than Britain heretofore. We in America, too, must look at the Russian system with clear eyes and eventually adapt for ourselves such elements in that system as seem most useful and fitting.

But for America the more pressing, immediate need is international co-operation with Russia, regardless of ideological differences, and in this we have scarcely begun, whatever our Russophobes may say. It is not strange that misunderstanding of the Yalta Agreement turned upon a comma and the meaning of a single word. No member of the Russian Politburo knows English. No top-ranking official iin America or England knows Russian. We do not speak each other's language, literally.

Other barriers intervene. One of the most important is simple unfamiliarity and lack of practice. Until recently both Russia and the

United States were isolationist — Russia through having had isolation thrust upon her and the United States through her own disillusion and political apathy. Both nations move stiffly and warily on the world stage. Neither one is used to world leadership. Neither one is accepting its new responsibilities to the rest of the world without some show of hesitation and reluctance.

We can remember that Soviet Russia is young and that young nations, like young men, sometimes brag, flex their muscles, and show a feeling of inferiority by quick turns. It should not be too hard for us to remember that state of mind. Until our Civil War, we too feared "foreign entanglements"— often with reason. And all along we alternately bragged and felt inferior toward the world at large. We reached some kind of climax in our national muscle-flexing during the Spanish-American War, but vestiges of that youthful malaise still afflict us; indeed, those who talk carelessly today of having to fight Russia (there are some without malice) exhibit the illness in its last stages.

Those who call for war with Russia are talking an unhistorical chauvinism liberally tainted with strains from the *status quo*. Irritations and misunderstandings there have been, and under the circumstances we may expect more of them for some time to come. But true reason for war there is none. Neither nation covets the other's territory. There will be no desperate postwar struggle for international trade, for the economy of the Soviet Union needs no such trade. Nor did either nation fight the present war for conquest or in order to fight another war later on. Both countries need and want peace.

Were we to recognize this situation for what it is, we could then stand firm in our own beliefs — with the prospect, in turn, of receiving respect and understanding from the Soviets.

It is because, by and large, the peoples of both countries want peace that we stand a chance of having it. We in America can help to make the most of that chance by answering the chauvinists, the diehards, and the pessimists word for word. But peace will take more than words in rebuttal. We must demand that our leaders and the officials of our State Department attempt to understand Russia and work with her in full collaboration. And we must not for any fear of socialism refuse to examine the Russian experiment for what meaning it may have for our own unstable economy. Anything less runs the risk of laying the basis for World War III.

A STORY

THE BRIDGE

By IRWIN STARK

MATTHEW walked with a lilting gait over the bridge through whose web of steel the March wind spun in hissing gusts. Below him the river's white scum twisted among broken black hulks of coal scows hugging their lacerated wharves. Beyond, past the far end of the bridge, rose the Blackbelt, sprawling its tenements in a dark jungle that began somewhere to the south, pushed irresistibly over a thousand low roofs, and thrashed like a giant squid against the abruptly high land to the west and the black bluffs to the north. When he had crossed he paused, glanced back at the other city from which he had emerged, pulled his collar more snugly to his chin, and then continued down the crooked ramp to the street, and the silent, brick bulk of the school. The motor of the white police-car parked in front of it was humming. . . .

* * * *

Inside the brown wooden door the colored man, pulled a split-second before from his work by Matthew's terse knock, was awaiting his entrance. Poised on the threshold, Matthew caught the image tight in the moment before speech: the sharp features running swiftly into the polished black surface of the bald head, the agitated eyes, the tiny and appropriate ears, and the spherical contour of the face which had opened as it swung full view to expose its immaculately white teeth, half-smiling.

"I'm Matthew Stratton," he said to them. "I believe you're expecting me."

The colored man rose, stepped towards him. "Of course. You're Hallman's substitute. Here—sit down." The voice was smoothly resonant. "The name's Johnson—Philip Johnson."

Matthew accepted the firm, cold grip, and sat down while Johnson readjusted himself at his desk.

"They told me downstairs you'd have my program and keys."

Johnson nodded to his desk. "Got them right here." Then, turning easily to face Matthew, "Been teaching long?"

"Five years."

"In the Blackbelt?"

"No. Grant School in Long Island."

Little creases of perplexity played across Johnson's forehead. He smiled cryptically. "If you don't mind my asking, what brought you here? You could have stayed at Grant, I suppose, or found better places than this?"

"I heard this was the toughest spot," Matthew said.

"So they say. Then why . . . ?" Johnson reached carelessly for an index card, and glanced at it indifferently.

Matthew hesitated. "It's not so simple," he said. He had been trying to explain it to himself, but he wondered whether words could hold it. "I think I belong here. After a while you get fed up with the polite schools. You might say I'm suffering from the . . . guilt of safety." The phrase had been biting into his mind for weeks. Spoken aloud it now seemed vacuous and inadequate.

Johnson scratched his chin reflectively with the point of the index card. "The guilt of safety?"

"My best friend was killed last month in France," Matthew said. "Maybe that will give you the idea. Grant School was too safe for me. I felt I was needed elsewhere. Here perhaps." He smiled, feeling that he was probably getting overserious. "Closer to the front lines you know."

Johnson stared at him, his head slanted slightly, his expression exuding an intelligent awareness of what Matthew was trying to say, but with a shade of intensity that struck the latter as delicately theatrical. The jest had escaped him, and Matthew had not succeeded in explaining what Thurman's death had meant. It was absurd to try.

"I see . . ." Johnson said, dragging out the word. "Well, this *is* a hard school, Mr. Stratton, though once you get the hang of things you'll find your compensations." He paused and reached for a set of keys. "You can meet Mr. Dana, the principal, later this week. Meanwhile, just do the best you can. Hallman was a good teacher, and had his classes under strict control. You'll find the room straight ahead and to the left as you go out."

As Matthew started to leave, the door opened and a tall, powerfully built Negro entered. For a moment they stood facing one another, their eyes transfixed. The Negro's heavy overcoat, close-fitted about his massive figure, was turned up at the collar, and his hat was tilted slightly back

at the rim of his scalp. The silence of his entry was confusing. Matthew had no impression of the face except for the piercing iris of his eyes. It was the huge frame, the sense of tough, repressed force beneath the coat that stuck in his mind.

"Hello, Mallory," Johnson said.

The Negro's gaze broke from Matthew. "Mornin'," he said, diffidently touching his index finger to his hat.

"Mr. Stratton's new here," Johnson said. "He's taking Hallman's place." He smiled to Matthew. "This is Tom Mallory of the Police Department. Does some plain-clothes work for us now and then."

"Glad to know you," Mallory said tonelessly. He flicked his finger to his hat-brim again, then sauntered to the chair Matthew had just vacated, sitting down with his long legs thrust out before him.

Johnson put his hand on Matthew's shoulder, propelling him with subtle pressure towards the door. "I'll see you later," he said.

In the hall once more, Matthew threw off the uncomfortable aura of this sudden meeting, the strange feeling that Johnson had not wished him to meet Mallory, and walked slowly past the closed wooden doors of classrooms, the silence suspended before the gong which had not yet sounded. He turned a corner, found his room, and entered. Dark and silent, it was awaiting him, its dry, stale air sweet in his nostrils, the soft lisp of the radiators coy and lyrical, the rows of scarred desks, the flag listless above the empty blackboards, the long, dark green shades impatient for his touch. He put his coat away, pulled up the shades, and opened a few rear windows overlooking the large concrete yard through which he had come, and where crowds of boys were now playing ball, running back and forth in frantic, illogical currents, screaming their shrill voices against the March wind. Across the yard he could see the rest of the building spread out in its u-shaped pattern, shades going up like his own on the tall windows, the beginning of a new day.

He ran through the desk drawers, located the chalk, the paper and pencils, and thumbed through several old textbooks lying in the closet. Then too suddenly the gong exploded in the recesses of the building, its reverberations speeding through the structure like an electric charge, the overtones hanging for minutes in the gaping stillness.

For a moment nothing happened. The vacuum yawned. But soon he could detect the noise of footsteps hurrying up the stairs, and gradually

the hall outside became a babble of discordant voices mixed with the high pitches of young laughter. Before he could pull himself completely back to the moment, they were trooping in, uncertainly poking their shy, smiling faces through the open door, and at his nod taking their seats, quietly, a little abashed by his presence, his newness, startled as they always were by his youth. (This moment mattered, he knew, and held his jaw firm, his gaze unflinching, his shoulders squared, advertising his sureness and strength, the smooth exterior which had been rejected by the stethescope probing beneath the skin into the sick mechanics of his heart. Part of why he was here. Against what in Thurman's life, he wondered, was this to be matched . . . the gray troopship moving into the Atlantic, its prow trimmed for Europe?) He noted them, and made a curt effort to break them off singly from the group, but their dark faces coalesced.

A small colored boy brought his attendance sheet from the office with a note of instruction from Mr. Johnson. He puzzled it out and called the role: Alben . . . Boston . . . Covington . . . Carter . . . Gall . . . Harvey . . . Merriweather . . . Newman . . . Pratt . . . Smith . . . the straight English names which had come with their parents out of slavery. He checked the absentees, and met the brief "Here" of the others with a steady, calculated glance.

There was no immediate challenge to his presence as they sat patiently waiting for him to commence, to make the first positive move. But he took his time, allowing his calm to sink in, glancing around the room quietly from boy to boy. One of them caught his eye, a tall, slim boy in the back, who had not put his coat in the closet like the rest.

"Better take yours off too," he said. "If you wear it now, you'll catch a cold later on."

The boy did not move.

Matthew walked down the aisle, and placed his hand gently on the boy's shoulder. Like a startled rabbit the boy sprang away from him. He stood, feet apart, in the opposite aisle. His fists clenched, and his mouth drew tight.

"Don't touch my goods, teach'!" he cried fiercely. "Don't touch my goods!"

Matthew steadied his voice against the hammer beats of his heart. "Sure. If you want it that way," he said.

The boy relaxed, his mouth loosened, the fists unclenched reluctantly. But the sullenness of his anger still bit into his face.

"I don't like for people to touch my goods," he said doggedly.

Somebody up front giggled, and a low, unpleasant murmur simmered dangerously through the room.

"What's your name?" Matthew asked, forcing a smile.

"Joe Carter."

"O.K., Joe. If you want to keep your coat on, it's all right by me. But don't expect me to hand out any free coughdrops. No, sir."

For an instant there was no visible change in Carter's expression. He looked into Matthew's eyes with a dumb, stolid stare. Then without another word he pulled off the coat. Underneath was a soiled, frayed top-shirt with a broad tear across the chest. The others, who had been watching the pantomime, began to giggle, but Carter glared at them threateningly and their laughter froze. He stood in the aisle self-consciously, holding the overcoat on his bare, black arm.

Matthew sucked in the shock. "Better wear it, Joe," he said. "Sure—go ahead and wear it. No kidding—I didn't know how it was."

"Solid, teach'," Joe Carter said. He put it on again, and took his seat.

Matthew returned to the desk. They were all silent again, the episode was closed. As he faced them, calm, his control perfect despite the thin warning pain near his heart, he guessed he had won something, but how deeply or strongly he could not know.

"I'm going to be with you guys for a long time," he said, letting his language flow easily while he ran his eyes from row to row. "And we better start getting along right now, because it looks like I'm supposed to teach you something too. . . ." He turned, and printed his name in large chalk letters on the blackboard. "That's me—Mr. Stratton." He picked up the attendance sheet and glanced with mock concern at the list of names. "And this is you." He looked around the class again, and smiled. "It won't be so bad I think. . . ."

* * *

Johnny Boston was black and beautiful, his skin with the sheen of ebony silk spawned fat and rich on his bones, his agile eyes wide with the subtle innocence of cats, his lips pricked open to spurting red on the white line of his teeth:

"I wa na big fat ma-ma,
I wa na big fat maaa-ma . . ."

The words hummed themselves lovingly in his bullet head, his eyes twisting around to right and left on the long block to the school. He was late, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. The morning was cold with a good sun. It lay easy on the grits and coffee settling in his belly.

"Y' ain't nobody's fool, Johnny," his mother had said, shooing him off to school a few minutes after his kid brother had clattered down the wooden stairs. "Jest like your old man. If you anybody's fool, it's your own, and ain't nobody take it away from you."

"Nobody," Johnny thought, catching sight of the Rahjah whose body was scattered idly along three steps of a stoop. He was smoking a butt, and when he saw Johnny puffed a tenuous gray skein in his direction, and the nervous tick under his eye quickened and distorted his hollow, creamyellow cheek.

"Hiyah, Johnny boy," the Rahjah said. "I jus' seen Freddy goin' to school. Your kid brother a smart spud."

"Yeah," Johnny agreed. "He smart all right."

"Y'goin' to school?"

"Ain't you?"

The Rahjah threw his spit on the bottom step, and crushed it carefully with his foot. "Naw, I'm goin' to shoot some pool over by Willy's. Then maybe I go see Charlie Barnett over the Apollo."

"Say—that all right," Johnny said. "Charlie O.K."

The Rahjah grunted. "The boys tell me y'ain't goin' to join us, Johnny. How come?"

Johnny shrugged.

"That ain't right. Hurricanes the best club uptown here. We got nice boys, nice room, and nice new heat."

"So I hear, Rahjah."

"Maybe you figure to join the Comets? Maybe you got the Comets on your mind?"

Johnny looked into the gutter, then back at the Rahjah. "Ain't got nothin' on my mind. I ain't a joinin' man."

"Club's a good thing to have." Rahjah flicked his cigarette in a big spiral towards the street. "Club's a good thing to have. Sometimes you

need a couple boys to help you out you get in trouble. Sometimes you need a heat. Jus' in case."

"Maybe," Johnny said. "Don't figure no just in case. Don't figure no trouble. But thanks all the same, Rahjah."

"That O.K.," Rahjah said, grinning. "Maybe you change your mind by and by."

Johnny didn't glance back at the stoop, but he knew the Rahjah was watching him as he walked slowly towards the school, where the police car was parked at the curb. The cops looked through the windshield at him, and Johnny spit a foot in front of the fender. Then he walked in long strides up the steps and across the empty yard.

He opened the door, and before he had made two steps forward bumped breathlessly into the dark, stolid mass of a man. He fell back instinctively. The shadow grunted and cursed, and its big hand shot out and grabbed Johnny's arm.

"Damn you . . ." it said.

Johnny tried to shake the hand away. "Git your paws off, mister."

The man laughed. His face began to focus. "You a tough kid, Johnny Boston." The grip loosened. "Mallory don't like them so tough."

With a sudden lurch Johnny pulled himself free. For an instant he faced the big Negro, his mouth drawn tight, and then turned on his heels and walked upstairs. Mallory's mocking laughter pursued him. . . .

* * *

Looking up from the attendance sheet, Matthew saw their eyes shift to the open door. A stocky colored boy was standing on the threshold.

"Good morning," Matthew said. "Glad you decided to get here." The class chuckled at his sarcasm. "What's your name?"

"Johnny Boston."

The name clicked in his brain. The image held, and he knew at once that this one was different from the others. He stood straighter, his head sat steady on his stumped neck and the broad, fleshy shoulders; the eyes refused to drift, aimlessly.

He checked his name on the attendance sheet. "All right, Boston," he said. "Don't stand there all morning. Come in and make yourself at home. Only next time get here on time."

"I get here when I come," Boston said.

The class tensed again. Matthew looked up to confront the words. "At eight o'clock every morning," Matthew said. "That's the rule here, Johnny.

"Screw the rule," he said.

"At eight," Matthew repeated.

Johnny ignored the last remark, walked to the closet, hung up his coat, and then swung nonchalantly into his seat. For a moment he sat there abstractedly, his eyes angled to the ceiling, and then he began to drum lightly with his index fingers on the hard wood of the desk. His mouth relaxed into a grin, his eyes glinted, and his head cocked happily to the side. In a moment the boy next to him was following his beat, softly, cautiously. Matthew arose, and turned away from them to the class, but it was impossible to go on. Several others were already taking up the rhythm, and before he could speak the sound was sweeping the room, their bare fingers tatooing the desks with a feverish, unrestrainable impulse. He was staggered by the speed with which it had happened, stunned and lost for a sickening second. But he checked his anger, hid his surprise, and stood before them patiently, silently watching their fingers, his head inclined to the side as though he were intent on the exactitude of the tempo. He even allowed himself a faint, amused smile.

Their eyes turned to his, their lips grinned, their teeth challenged, wondering when he would attempt to intervene, and how he would do it, baiting him, trying to trap his anger. Instead, they saw him standing unconcerned, enjoying himself . . . and one by one they stopped. They stopped, and sat back, and watched him curiously, their eyes round, their lips parted, until the whole room was still except for Boston's fingers pounding their savage staccato desperately, defiantly. The class watched Johnny now, speechless, wondering how long he could keep it up. Boston kept his fingers beating steadily, his face lowered, his eyes shut. He knew the others had given in, that he was alone. He increased his speed. His fingers drummed more loudly . . . furiously. Then suddenly he was finished. His fingers poised stiffly in midair.

"Why the hell you don't say something?" he cried. "Why you don't say to stop? Why you just stand looking all the time? You trying to hype me maybe?"

"Aw, shut your mouth!" Joe Carter yelled.

Boston sprang to his feet, lunged across the aisle, and gripped big Carter by the throat.

"You don't tell me shut up," he muttered. "I kill you, you say it."

Matthew leaped between them. His cold palm wound itself about Boston's wrist.

"Sit down, Johnny," he said. "Sit down. Take it easy. . . ."

Johnny glared into his eyes, conscious of the power which was running through his arm from the the white man's grasp. Something in him fought to break loose, something that would not become fury however much he wished it. He broke his grip, and Joe Carter settled back with a low gasp against his seat. Matthew dropped his arm. He felt his heart pumping blood furiously through his body.

"O.K., teach'," Boston said. "I sit down. But nobody gon' to hype me. No nigger. No teach'. You all git that sharp in your beans." He was telling it to everybody. "I ain't no drag. I ain't deucin' to nobody."

"All right," Matthew said. "We all got it straight."

Boston sat down, the fury of his words still smoldering. He stared unemotionally at his hands resting palm down on the desk. Matthew's gaze did not leave him while the class settled back to silence.

"I'm ready to go," Johnny said.

"Go? Where you going?" Matthew asked.

Boston was visibly startled. His eyebrows arched, opposing the bitter sneer of his lips.

"You gon' send me to the office. You gon' send me to Mr. Johnson."

"No," Matthew said. 'No. . . ."

* * *

The day passed with amazing swiftness. As class merged into class, incident into incident, Matthew became aware of the environment which framed them. Crude obscenities chalked on the walls held blatant clues to their hate. Patches of tin and wood covered places on the staircase where glass had been kicked out to punctuate their anger. Placards were mutilated, garbage cans overturned. But more than these overt signs were the undertones of resentment and fear, the indelible suspicion which dulled their eyes and turned their speech always into sullenness and defiance. Before the day ended, he could sense the dynamite hidden beneath their skins, the groundswell, the danger.

Johnson was emerging from his office as Matthew walked through the hall at the end of the day.

"Come in for a minute," he invited, holding the door open.

Matthew sank down in the chair he had filled that morning, conscious for the first time of the immense fatigue which had settled on his limbs, the day's accumulated tensions.

"Well, how was it?" Johnson asked.

"Hard to believe."

"Shocked?"

"Perhaps."

"Want to continue?"

"Of course. Only . . ." Matthew paused, wondered.

"I wouldn't blame you for changing your mind," Johnson said suavely. "You're a substitute, and it's your privilege."

"Thanks," Matthew said. "That's not what I mean. But something troubles me. I don't know how to put it. . . ."

"One of the boys bothering you?"

Matthew shook his head. "No. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure just what it is. Merely something I've felt all day, something in these kids wanting to break out, something that's scared, struggling. . . ." He stopped, closed his eyes briefly. "Maybe it's only my imagination," he added.

Johnson laughed pleasantly. "I guess I know what you mean, Mr. Stratton. You do get that feeling after teaching elsewhere. But these children—well, they *are* different you know."

"How?" Matthew asked. He had hardly meant to make the query so direct. The answer seemed too obvious.

"Think what they come out of," Johnson said. "The filth, the ignorance. . . . Of course they're different. They're not the same as you and I, or the kids at Grant School."

"Naturally."

"May I be frank with you, Mr. Stratton?" Johnson met his gaze squarely.

"Of course."

"All right," Johnson said. "There's one mistake a white man like yourself is inclined to make, Mr. Stratton, because I can see you're motivated by a deep sense of idealism."

"What mistake?"

Boston sprang to his feet, lunged across the aisle, and gripped big Carter by the throat.

"You don't tell me shut up," he muttered. "I kill you, you say it."

Matthew leaped between them. His cold palm wound itself about Boston's wrist.

"Sit down, Johnny," he said. "Sit down. Take it easy. . . ."

Johnny glared into his eyes, conscious of the power which was running through his arm from the the white man's grasp. Something in him fought to break loose, something that would not become fury however much he wished it. He broke his grip, and Joe Carter settled back with a low gasp against his seat. Matthew dropped his arm. He felt his heart pumping blood furiously through his body.

"O.K., teach'," Boston said. "I sit down. But nobody gon' to hype me. No nigger. No teach'. You all git that sharp in your beans." He was telling it to everybody. "I ain't no drag. I ain't deucin' to nobody."

"All right," Matthew said. "We all got it straight."

Boston sat down, the fury of his words still smoldering. He stared unemotionally at his hands resting palm down on the desk. Matthew's gaze did not leave him while the class settled back to silence.

"I'm ready to go," Johnny said.

"Go? Where you going?" Matthew asked.

Boston was visibly startled. His eyebrows arched, opposing the bitter sneer of his lips.

"You gon' send me to the office. You gon' send me to Mr. Johnson."

"No," Matthew said. 'No. . . ."

* * *

The day passed with amazing swiftness. As class merged into class, incident into incident, Matthew became aware of the environment which framed them. Crude obscenities chalked on the walls held blatant clues to their hate. Patches of tin and wood covered places on the staircase where glass had been kicked out to punctuate their anger. Placards were mutilated, garbage cans overturned. But more than these overt signs were the undertones of resentment and fear, the indelible suspicion which dulled their eyes and turned their speech always into sullenness and defiance. Before the day ended, he could sense the dynamite hidden beneath their skins, the groundswell, the danger.

Johnson was emerging from his office as Matthew walked through the hall at the end of the day.

"Come in for a minute," he invited, holding the door open.

Matthew sank down in the chair he had filled that morning, conscious for the first time of the immense fatigue which had settled on his limbs, the day's accumulated tensions.

"Well, how was it?" Johnson asked.

"Hard to believe."

"Shocked?"

"Perhaps."

"Want to continue?"

"Of course. Only . . ." Matthew paused, wondered.

"I wouldn't blame you for changing your mind," Johnson said suavely. "You're a substitute, and it's your privilege."

"Thanks," Matthew said. "That's not what I mean. But something troubles me. I don't know how to put it. . . ."

"One of the boys bothering you?"

Matthew shook his head. "No. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure just what it is. Merely something I've felt all day, something in these kids wanting to break out, something that's scared, struggling. . . ." He stopped, closed his eyes briefly. "Maybe it's only my imagination," he added.

Johnson laughed pleasantly. "I guess I know what you mean, Mr. Stratton. You do get that feeling after teaching elsewhere. But these children—well, they *are* different you know."

"How?" Matthew asked. He had hardly meant to make the query so direct. The answer seemed too obvious.

"Think what they come out of," Johnson said. "The filth, the ignorance. . . . Of course they're different. They're not the same as you and I, or the kids at Grant School."

"Naturally."

"May I be frank with you, Mr. Stratton?" Johnson met his gaze squarely.

"Of course."

"All right," Johnson said. "There's one mistake a white man like yourself is inclined to make, Mr. Stratton, because I can see you're motivated by a deep sense of idealism."

"What mistake?"

"To treat these children as Negroes. In a manner of speaking, that's an inverted prejudice."

"I see what you mean," Matthew said thoughtfully. "But wouldn't it be silly to forget the fact, to ignore it in my own mind, and pretend it makes no difference? Not to me certainly, but in what they are, in what they feel?"

"Perhaps," Johnson said. "But I think there are more fundamental problems. Poverty, ignorance, indifference—their own, especially." He lowered his voice. "My father and mother were slaves, Mr. Stratton. They came out of Virginia and settled in Illinois. They worked their fingers to the bone, to give my brothers and me an opportunity to get an education. I worked my way through the University of Chicago. I worked for five years as a porter and bellhop. I was a post office clerk for three. When I became a teacher I decided that nothing could stop me. And now I'm here." He sat back comfortably on the swivel chair, smiling, confident that his point was crystal clear.

"And you've no resentments?" Matthew asked.

"None!" he exclaimed, slapping his palm on the desk. "Has my life been any different from the lives of other poor boys, white as well as black? They say this is a white man's world, Mr. Stratton. I don't believe it. I refuse to believe it. And I'll tell you what kind of a world it is." He stopped dramatically. "It's a strong man's world, Mr. Stratton, a strong man's world."

"Yes," Matthew said. "But what about these kids?"

"They need to learn strength," he said. "They need to learn that their color is less important than their ignorance. Let them learn that from us. That's a good lesson."

Matthew watched his small, dark, vacillating eyes, and wondered what Johnson was really trying to say. He had snared the slight inflection which betrayed his words off the pinpoint of understanding. In the smooth oratory something was ringing false.

"But why should they be afraid? Afraid, Mr. Johnson?"

Johnson echoed the word seriously. "Afraid? Children are all afraid, Mr. Stratton."

* * *

March disappeared into a cold April which sent wild rain squalls

over the bridge, washed the dirty streets of the jungle clean, and renewed the river.

Matthew searched desperately for an answer, but it eluded him. If it had ever occurred to the other teachers, they had long forgotten it in their various adjustments. Most of them had become hardened to the obvious. O'Brien, the woodworking teacher, a barrel-chested Irishman in his early fifties, took a paternal interest in him. His advice was blunt. He shot out his arm, and closed his thick, hairy fingers in a powerful fist. "They know I won't stand for any nonsense," he said. But Coates, a thin, bespectacled teacher of mathematics, sensitive and obviously out of place, had nothing but scorn for O'Brien.

"Sure," Coates told him. "O'Brien's got a fist. But how long does it last? Till the kids break out in another room."

"Then what's the solution?"

Coates shrugged. "A new world. That's a minimum."

Matthew chuckled. "Swell," he said. "How about today?"

"If you want the truth," Coates said, "I don't know. I'm supposed to teach mathematics. That's a farce. I'm lucky if I can reach long division. What do I do? Put problems on the board, and hope they'll last a whole period. If I worried about it, I'd go batty in no time. This way it's a long, slow process."

Matthew returned to his classes, and found Hallman's old plan book with its lessons carefully outlined, the pages in the text marked down, the aim of each lesson clearly stated. It was too neat. It was a fraud. Looking into their notebooks one day he saw that Hallman had made them copy the text word for word, page after page. He threw the plans away in disgust, discarded the text, and plunged into their everyday lives, trying to show them, trying to have them tell him what the city meant to them, having them walk to the window, look out at the big garbage disposal plant which blocked out the river, and across the way where the city hospital rose above the tenement roofs. They went back to their seats, and tried to think it all out, haltingly, clumsily, trying to get used to him, puzzled, always distrusting his skin.

"You mean we own those things, teach'?"

"You pay the taxes, Smith. That's why they're yours."

"My uncle go to the hospital last year. They treat him like dog."

"Maybe they did, Newman. But they treated him free of charge."

"Yes, sir. He die there two months ago. That free of charge."

"You own the garbage plant. All of you own it. You own it because you're citizens, and you pay the taxes which built it. Just like the hospital and the police force."

"You mean the cops, teach'?"

"Yes—the cops. You pay them to protect you."

"Hot mother! You mean the cops protec' me?"

"That's right, Carter."

"Well, how come that big black cop on Lenox Avenue always chasing me and my boys?"

"Hey, teach', if I don't like a cop, I can fire him? If my taxes pay his salary I can fire him?"

"Well—not exactly, Butler. You see—"

"Boy—that some load of b. s."

It was like marching up against a stone wall, a wall which had been constructed through long years of meticulous routine. No, it wouldn't tumble down in a few weeks, but if he hammered on it, if he dug into the mortar between the bricks, day in day out, perhaps then. . . .

He tried to ignore the things he saw, leaving them for a later day when he would finally have their trust, the kid who walked in and sat down in the back with his hat on, and then buried his face in his hands and fell asleep; the boy with the scar across his cheek, who read a comic book every period; the two boys who took out a deck of cards and calmly started a game of blackjack; the sudden flare-up between two others when he saw a knife flash out for the first time; the breathless obscenities bandied in the classrooms, the halls, the toilets; the hundred moments when he found himself a second before the fuse of his anger reached the powder. He tried to go on. As Thurman had gone on across the Channel into Normandy.

Every classroom was a carbon of his own, he saw, except that the others had given up teaching. The trick was to keep them busy, hammering at pipes, planing and sawing wood for interminable periods, copying words into blurred and forgotten notes, faking the plans as Hallman had so easily faked his. It appalled him that men should go on accepting this thing, that their shops and classrooms should become detention centers, that their teaching should be no more than time dragged out endlessly till the day was finally, incredibly over, and their jobs were finished. But

it left them no freedom even then, he realized, for the dull brutishness of the system had insidiously brutalized them as well. It was more than boredom, or the empty dissatisfied feeling of complacency which possessed men like O'Brien and Coates. It had robbed them of something deeper, the pride of work, the joy of achieving which carried men from day to day, and established a reason for being alive.

Matthew had met Dana, the principal, during his first week. Johnson escorted him into the office with the flourish of a barker at a side show. He was a short, frightened man, whose body was clothed in neatly pressed tweeds, his head, gray and partly bald, too big for his torso, his greenish, watery eyes continually blinking, his skin like oaktag which had lain too long in the bottom of a closet.

"You look like a nice, up-and-coming fellow, Mr. Stratton. Just listen to Mr. Johnson and you won't go wrong. Glad to have met you, my boy." The cordiality had bordered on the sentimental.

"Mr. Dana's a very busy man," Johnson told him later in a voice unduly confidential. "And he's doing a wonderful job among our colored boys."

"Bunk," said Harry Weston, the upholstery teacher, when Matthew described the meeting. "What the hell's he busy with? If he took a walk around the building, he'd crap in his pants. So he sits all day in his office writing pretty reports for the Board. You think Lincoln had ideas about the Negro? Small time. Dana's restored the race to its rightful position in society by understanding and kindness here at school. You don't believe it? Wait till you read his reports to the Board. Why do you think they pay him ten thousand a year?"

"Isn't that extreme?"

"You mean the salary? Don't be silly. Nobody else wants the job. Dana wouldn't be here except that his uncle was once an alderman or something. But he isn't in this dump just because he's lousy, though that helps. He's better than some. But at the moment he's got the wrong politics. This is a nice place to hide till Tammany comes home. So he's a good boy. He tries to keep his nose clean, and they don't bother him much. If they did, they might be forced to give it to somebody they liked, God forbid!"

Again he went back to the children, and as he looked into their faces he knew it wasn't a problem of their skin and his. It was something else, deeper than a few years or their experience. Skin was a barrier, and for

the time insurmountable, but it did not explain fear. It did not explain hate. These ran back into the ragged warp of their lives, twisting through the dark alleys, the streets of the granite jungle, through the tenements, the lung blocks, the roofs on summer nights, back into the fields of the Carolinas, the Mississippi delta, the flatlands of Arkansas, the swamps, the bayous, the hunger, the anger, the lynchings, the auction block, the slave ship, death, and the long, dim night of the deep African past. It was buried here, part of it at least, glowing, smoldering. But not all of it.

* * *

The memory of his meeting with Mallory that first day in Johnson's office had faded. He recalled him only as a name and a depressingly unpleasant sensation, but the image had grown strangely into a black man of formidable strength and personality whose very name could smash the boys' laughter, mute their talk, and throw a thick film of terror across their eyes.

"Mallory's in the building!"

The phrase would run like a prairie fire. The silence would tighten, and the class would stiffen like a rapier which had been bent and allowed to spring to again. Where a moment before boys idled in the halls or were gathered in the toilets passing around a butt, there would now be an exaggerated, uncanny stillness. It was as though the stage had been cleared of all its unnecessary furniture and minor characters for the entrance of the prima donna.

But when the door opened, and Mallory stood there on the threshold, his hat cocked a bit to the side, it was like a slap in the face which tore out their lungs. The entrance had its effect on Matthew as well. For some unaccountable reason a sense of fear and guilt came over him, and it was only with a tremendous exertion of willpower that he was able to keep his voice even, and avoid the cringing reflection of what he was ıder-going within. It wasn't only the height of this man, the impression that his body was encased in over six feet of reinforced concrete, the sallow complexion, the pugilist nose, the long, tight mouth. More than these was the fascination of his eyes, their grim, mocking stare, the implied threat.

"I'm looking for Morgan," he said. "Seems like somebody took a coat by mistake."

He sauntered to the front of the class near the desk. "Sorry to interrupt the lesson," he said. He wasn't sorry.

"That's all right," Matthew said. "Go right ahead."

"Good morning, boys," Mallory said.

The class chimed in unison. "Good morning, Mr. Mallory."

He smiled. "I don't see Morgan."

"He's absent today," Matthew volunteered.

"He is, eh?" Mallory pretended pain. "I'll tell you what we'll do, then. We'll have a little inspection." His eyes, roaming about the room had caught Boston's stare. "Hello, Johnny. Nice seeing you in school. Very nice." The mockery was flagrant. "All right, boys. Now when I clap my hands, I want you all to stand up in the aisle towards the window." He slapped his hands together. Everybody stood up except Johnny Boston.

Mallory's face betrayed no surprise. Instead he walked down the aisle, stopped at Boston's desk, and stood there silently for a second. Then suddenly he grabbed his collar, and yanked him to his feet. Boston's mouth tightened, his arms pressed closer to his side, the fists clenched. Matthew stood up involuntarily, and leaned forward over his desk. But Mallory was finished.

"You're a stubborn little nigger," Mallory said. "That's no good."

He walked back to the front of the class. "Now, boys," he said. "When I clap my hands again I want you all to reach to the ceiling. You too, Johnny." He clapped once again, and their hands shot above their heads. Boston followed them slowly. For a few seconds Mallory let them stand there, and then he began to move up and down the aisles, feeling their pockets carefully, and allowing them to lower their hands when he was through with them. From Joe Carter's back pocket he removed a small Boy Scout knife, opened it carefully and measured the blade with his fingers. "Guess that can't do no harm," he said, and returned it. But from little Sammy Newman's trousers came a larger blade, and Mallory patted it gently, and appropriated it.

Standing in front of the class again, the inspection completed, he held up Newman's knife and shook it reprovingly at them. "This is too big for little boys. Come a fight maybe somebody going to get hurt."

He put his finger carelessly to his hat, smiled at Matthew, and said, "Thanks." Then he was gone.

For a second there was a desperate quiet. Sammy Newman broke it. "Your mother—" he swore, and there was a nervous riot of laughter.

"That man didn't pack a heat," Jim Harvey said, "I'd shank up his monkey belly."

"The hell you would!"

"He's a bad man."

"The yellow bastard!"

Matthew rapped for order. "Let's get back to the lesson!" he shouted.

* * *

But if Johnny Boston had hated him before, he despised him now. Matthew had known it instantly, and he didn't blame him, for he had been a part of this quick event, had acquiesced, been back of Mallory. As much as Johnson, the school, the system itself. Boston couldn't know what had happened to him the moment Mallory had walked in, because it had happened inside, eaten into his mind like a burning acid on copper plating, and exposed his cowardice. But it was his silence which had been eloquent for Boston.

He met him later in the yard, and made the mistake of putting his hand on Johnny's shoulder. "Howya, Johnny?" he asked.

Johnny raised his arm, and casually brushed the hand off. The gesture was unmistakable. "I'm O.K., teach'," he said, and walked away.

The affront had forced him to realize what his position was. It made him see that like Boston he was alone, fighting against something bigger than themselves, roughly with their bare knuckles. There were no allies here for either of them, and what they were fighting had no substance in fact, no essence, no flesh and bone body that could be shot at, punched and broken. It was merely ironic that they could not cross over to each other, bridge the gap of skin, position, age, understanding and knowledge. It was useless to deny his real identity with the others. He could not cut himself off from Dana, and Johnson, and Mallory. He was involved up to his ears.

"You're late again, Johnny."

"Stop talking."

"Take your hat off, please."

"Raise your hand if you wish to speak."

"Take the pass with you."

"Here's your report card."

"You've got to obey the rules."

The school had tied him to itself by the hundred functions which he had to perform. It paid him, owned him, and refused to permit him to step over into their country. Love was a word whose small equivalents in act were not enough to invade their imagination. It was strange and unreal in a world whose norm at its best was indifference, at its worst—hate. It was only through a conscious effort of will that he could prevent himself at times from giving in, from returning their suspicion, their sullenness, their hate in the same coin. It would have been easier that way. He could have taken his rightful place alongside Dana, and Johnson, and O'Brien, and the others. At least it would have broken the supercharged wire which passed through his body between their universe and his.

He felt it in the classroom when he tried to tell them about the war. He had gathered the class around the map to have them watch his finger trace the line of the battle in France, and pass over the paper spot where Thurman had died. And later telling them what it meant. . . .

"The Nazis would destroy what we have built up for men in a thousand years. Your right to think. Your right to be free. Your right to go to your own church. Your right not to be afraid. That's what we're fighting for."

"We got that all here, teach'?" Powers asked.

"That jus' case you a white man!" Joe Carter called out, and the class roared.

Matthew tapped against the blackboard and waited for them to quiet. "No. No—that's for everybody, Powers. White and black. It doesn't make any difference."

"My mother told me different," Allen shouted.

Turner crooned, "My mother done told me—my mother done told me."

Boston scowled. "You can that crap," he told Turner. The class became silent, serious. Boston looked at Matthew. "How come you say all that stuff? How come my old man got himself lynched?"

They waited for an answer, while the question drummed into Matthew's head, because it was more than a question, more than their challenge. It was news about Johhny Boston. It was a message telegraphed

in familiar code for the first time across wires that had been broken down from the beginning.

"Listen to me," he said eagerly. "Listen to me. . . ." He turned his back on the dumb continents projected on the broad, tough paper, on the silent spot where Thurman lay, on all the agonized, invisible clash of men and steel. "It's not what has been. It's the future. Tomorrow. The years to come. I know what this country is. But it's written down some place. It's a promise. Here let me read it to you from the Declaration of Independence." He reached desperately for the book on his desk, found the place, and began to read the words Tom Jefferson had written for the Second Continental Congress. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created free and equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . ." He glanced up, and saw their faces, their mouths half-open, listening, bewildered by the big, difficult words. He closed the book.

"What all that mean?" Joe Carter asked.

Matthew smiled. They didn't believe it. They didn't understand it. They didn't trust him.

"It means that one white man, a long time ago, saw that all men, white and black, poor and rich, are free and equal."

Johnny Boston laughed mirthlessly. "What for they lynch my old man? What for?"

* * *

April passed into the warm currents of May. The river sparkled, and the garbage piled on the big scows swept in sheets of nauseous odor over the impervious bridge.

The attendance at school began to drop. Matthew would fill out the routine truant notice, and a few days later it would come back from the office with a pencilled remark in the corner: "Temporarily discharged. Communicable disease." First it was big Joe Carter, then Sammy Newman, then Covington.

He found the truant officer one day in the office. He was a fussy old man constantly overwhelmed with work.

"What's this communicable disease business?" Matthew asked. "Bubonic plague or cholera?"

The other smiled wryly. "Summer's coming," he explained. "Woman fever."

Occasionally there would be a note in his box: "Mark Harding present in red ink. He is in the Tombs awaiting trial."

"For what?" he asked Harry Weston.

"Shut your eyes and pick," Harry said. "Mugging, purse-snatching, or rape."

"Then?"

"The reformatory. Or jail."

These were paper matters, otherwise invisible, but there were other things which broke into the classroom. One day Pratt had come late, pushing the door open suddenly, and swaying on the threshold. There was a vacant, happy look on his face, and he was singing, weirdly off-key:

"Dream 'bout a reefer
three feet long,
mighty reefer not too strong . . .
you be high,
but not for long.
If you's a viper
when your throat git dry
truck on down to the candy store. . . ."

The words dribbled off, and his eyes seemed to lose their resinous glaze for a moment.

"Hello, teach'," he said, waving his hand giddily. "How you like to git fixed up? I doin' a little pimpin' on the side now."

He had two of the bigger boys take Pratt down to the nurse, and that was the last of him for the remainder of the term. A few days later his truant slip came back with the familiar notation.

Then one day he stopped a fight in the yard, and discovered something new. One of the gangs had a smart racket. You paid for protection. The price didn't matter. Two cents, five, a dime. If you didn't pay you took your chances, a bloody nose, a split lip, a broken nose or arm. He saw it in operation, though they didn't talk much about it even when they were hurt. He tried to pump Boston one afternoon.

"Guess you pay for protection too, Boston?"

"No."

"You mean they don't bother you?"

Johnny looked at his knuckles, "Let them try," he said. "I got these. They good for me and my kid brother. Both of us."

But Matthew knew they were after him one way or another, and he began to see Boston more and more with a big, stoopshouldered boy who had a tick under one eye. He would hug Boston's steps with grim persistence, arguing, cajoling, but it was not till one day when Matthew had been coming downstairs that he learned what it was about. He recognized Boston's voice first, and stopped.

"I'm tellin' you, Rahjah," Johnny was saying. "I ain't a joinin' man. Go shake a leg and let me be."

" 'Bout time you make up your mind," the Rahjah said. "The boys getting kind impatient."

"I like to be alone," Johnny said. "It good for me."

"That unfriendly talk."

"My talk."

They were quiet for awhile. Then the Rahjah said in a soft, whining voice, "We ain't goin' to beat you Johnny. You a big boy. But we goin' to git you 'less you come in."

"Go to hell," Johnny said.

* * *

They got Johnny one day in the basement. There was a corner outside the auditorium where they played crap on rainy days. Rahjah knew there would be a game this day. To make sure he went down and checked up. Crap was all right if Mallory wasn't around. Nobody chased you except one of the teachers on patrol, and then it was a cinch getting away. But Mallory was different. He didn't come all the way just to make you scram.

Rahjah knew how to get Mallory. Outside Johnson's office he caught hold of one of the smaller boys. "You goin' to do me a favor, sonny."

"Sure, Rahjah."

"You goin' to go into Mr. Johnson, and you goin' to tell him there's a big crap game down the basement."

"You want me to stool, Rahjah?" the boy asked incredulously.

Rahjah gripped his arm and twisted it easily till the boy winced. "You do what I say, and keep your mouth shut."

"Sure, Rahjah," the boy said.

He knocked obediently on the door and entered. Then Rahjah

scurried down the hall to Boston's room. The teacher was new. It was going to be easier than he thought.

"Mr. Johnson wants to see Johnny Boston," he told Mr. Stratton.

Out in the hall, the Rahjah told him his story. "I want to do you a favor, Johnny. There's a big crap game in the cellar." He had to stall Johnny a little.

"What that to me?" Johnny asked.

"Take it easy, man. You see I just want to do you a favor. Now if you be nice I let you in."

"Go ahead," Johnny said impatiently.

"If you join the Hurricanes, you git a lot of favors like this."

"Thanks," Johnny said.

"All right, now. That different. Now you nice. I want to show you how we Hurricanes help out a guy. Like I say, there a crap game downstairs. And I got my private information Mallory goin' to break it up."

"Let him break it up. Why I care?"

"Sure . . . sure. Let him break it up. But I think I seen your kid brother down there, Johnny."

"My brother Freddy?" Panic hit him. Then he cut down the staircase two steps at a time to the basement. Rahjah wasn't kidding about the game. There were about ten fellows shooting for a pile of coins. He recognized one of the boys.

"Hey, Jasp," he said. "You seen my kid brother?"

"Go way—don't bother me," Jasp said. "This big stuff."

"You guys better skip," Johnny said. "Somebody told me—"

Before he could complete the sentence he heard the steps rushing down the stairway, and knew it was too late. The sudden confusion pushed him against the wall as the boys rushed through the exits. Johnny didn't move. The impulse to run was short-lived. It vanished as soon as he saw Mallory's face. It loomed larger than life in front of him, the great torso emerging after it from the dark landing.

"Well, look what's here," Mallory said.

He scooped up the money and dice, and put them in his pocket. Then he faced Johnny, grinning suggestively.

"How come you so quiet, Johnny?"

Johnny looked down at the floor where the money had been. He seemed surprised to find it gone.

Mallory gripped his arm, and jerked him towards the staircase. "Upstairs," he said. "We're going to have a talk with Mr. Johnson."

Johnson was working on some papers as they entered. He swung around and nodded to Mallory.

"I'll talk to him first," he said. He wet his lips, and smiled. "What's your name, boy?"

"Johnny Boston."

"Now look here, Johnny. We want to stop this kind of thing around the school. It gives us a bad name. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

Johnson winked to Mallory and smiled. "I like your attitude, boy. Now how about telling us who was playing with you, Johnny?"

Johnny shook his head. "I wasn't playing," he said.

Johnson smiled understandingly. "You don't have to worry. Nobody's going to know you told us. It's just between ourselves."

"I wasn't playing," Johnny said.

"It'll be easier if you tell now," Mallory interrupted.

Johnny was silent. Johnson scowled. "I don't like to ask Mr. Mallory for help," he warned.

"You better leave him alone with me for a few minutes," Mallory said.

"All right," Johnson agreed. "But take it easy." He left the room.

* * *

Billy Smith told Matthew about it at the end of the day. "Johnny went home after Mallory was through with him."

"How did it start, Billy?"

"He got caught downstairs in a crap game." Billy scratched his stubby black head. "That funny, teach.' "

"What?"

"Johnny in a crap game. He never shoot crap."

He pressed the buzzer on Mr. Dana's door before leaving for the day, and went in. Mr. Dana was sitting behind his desk, chewing on some chocolate bonbons, while Johnson was busily signing some papers on the side.

"Come right in," Mr. Dana said, beckoning with his hand. "What's on your mind, Mr. Stratton?"

Johnson looked up, smiled, and nodded.

"I'd like to talk to you about one of my boys," Matthew said.

"Having trouble, eh? Discipline. That's your field, isn't it, Johnson?"

"Yes, sir," Johnson said. "That's my field. What's the trouble, Mr. Stratton?"

Matthew hesitated, searching for the words. "I believe one of my boys was caught in a crap game this morning?"

"That's a bad thing," Mr. Dana said. "We've been trying to stop it for years. Haven't we, Johnson?"

"Yes, sir," Johnson said. "What about the boy, Mr. Stratton?"

"I understand he was beaten up by Mallory," Matthew said.

Mr. Dana leaned over and reached for another bonbon. He stuck it into his mouth, and began to chew it unfeelingly. "Is this true, Johnson?"

Johnson shrugged. "Those things happen," he said. "It's possible."

"Possible?" Matthew controlled his temper. "I'm telling you it happened."

"Can you be sure?" Johnson asked.

"Did you actually witness it?" Mr. Dana said in a whisper.

"I can assume some things," Matthew said.

"You mustn't be hasty," Mr. Dana warned, shaking his finger.

Johnson stretched his feet, and pushed his chair away from the desk. "Assuming it did happen, why should it disturb you?"

"Because I don't like it," Matthew said. "Because it doesn't belong here in school."

"You haven't been here very long, Stratton."

"That's true. What of it?"

"Have you figured out an alternative?"

"We can't solve our problems by beating up these kids."

"Have you something else?"

Mr. Dana brushed his hands together as though dismissing the whole matter.

"Come now, Mr. Stratton," he said. "Let's not be sentimental. We all know what these boys are. God knows we try our best. Johnson's a Negro himself. He knows these boys if anybody does. He knows what's good for them, and a little old-fashioned discipline now and then . . . well, it never does any harm, does it?"

"I've been with these kids for three months now," Matthew said. "I've seen something here I never expected to see in an American school. I thought it would be hard. I knew it would be a tough spot, and that's why I came. But I didn't expect to find teachers on the other side."

"What side?" Johnson asked.

"The side of—" Matthew cut himself short. "These kids deserve a break," he said helplessly.

Mr. Dana stood up, and came closer to Matthew, touching him lightly on the arm.

"Forget this, Mr. Stratton," he said. "You're only a substitute teacher, and you'd like to be in the system some day. Let me give you a little advice that will make you last longer." The large jowled face wasn't really severe with him. It was making a sincere effort to be fatherly, and Johnson sat silently on the side, a sad, sweet expression on his sharp features, appreciating the old man's words, telling Matthew this was only something disturbingly mixed up with his idealism. "Let those above you do the heavy thinking, Mr. Stratton, and don't always say what you think." The accent was almost religious.

Matthew's lips parted, closed tight. "Thanks," he said.

* * *

Johnny Boston returned to school a week later. On his under lip an ugly black scab looked purple against the red flesh. The mouth snarled. But whatever his hurt was now, he kept it to himself, nursing it in a brooding silence that would not be broken.

Matthew approached him after class. "I'm sorry this happened. I know you had nothing to do with it."

Johnny focused on an invisible point in the blackboard.

"If I could do something—"

Johnny made no sign he was even listening. "That all you want, teach'?"

"That's all," Matthew said.

In the afternoon he saw him outside the school. He was standing with another boy who was vaguely familiar, the boy with the tick under his eye. The two of them were facing a third and smaller boy, and it was evident they were forcing him to do something against his will. Johnny was holding out his hand, and the smaller boy dropped a coin into it. Then he walked away, slowly, looking back fearfully at the other two.

"Hello, Johnny," Matthew said.

Johnny lowered his eyes, and turned to spit into the street.

"Boys around here owe you much money, Johnny?"

The Rahjah grinned. "Sure, teach'. And sometimes it awful hard to collect!"

Matthew was certain now. "How much for protection, Johnny?"

"What you want, teach'? What you want to bother me? Go chase yourself someplace else."

"I thought you had good knuckles," Matthew said.

"Sure he got good knuckles," the Rahjah answered. "He, and me, and the Hurricanes. That a good club, teach'. All the boys in that club got good knuckles. Maybe you got good knuckles, you like to join up like Johnny and me?" The Rahjah grinned.

"Shut your mouth, Rahjah," Johnny said. "You talk too damn much."

It was the following day that Mallory showed up in the class again, stopping on the threshold to impress himself on them, his hat cocked to the side as usual, his mouth slightly ajar, a shadow of a smile playing over it.

"Just looking around," he said to Matthew.

"We're doing all right," Matthew said.

"That's good." Mallory stepped into the room. "Hello, Johnny," he said. "You looking fine."

Johnny's stare went through him.

"We're in the middle of a lesson," Matthew said.

Mallory refused to take the hint. "I guess we'll have only a little inspection today."

"No," Matthew said. "Not in my classroom. Today or any other day."

He could feel the raw tenseness of the class, and the warmth of his cheeks as a sliver of air came through the open windows. Mallory, who was facing the boys, seemed to stiffen from the floor to the crossbeam of his shoulders. He turned slowly and met Matthew's gaze. Two deep creases ran vertically from above his nose into the lines of his narrow forehead, and his mouth hung open.

"An inspection," he repeated.

"Not in here. Not while I'm teaching," Matthew explained.

Mallory looked at him as though this quiet, stubborn white man had gone mad, as though he had said something absolutely beyond reason.

For a moment Matthew thought Mallory was going to utter a curse, brush him aside, and go on. But his mouth only offered an innocuous sneer, he put his finger to his hat, and walked away without a word.

The class sat motionless. There was no sudden break in the tension. They were staring at him, bewildered, too amazed by the enormity of what he had done to utter a word. Johnny Boston gazed dully, sightlessly at the blackboard.

"All right, Billy," Matthew said softly. "What were you saying about the summer playgrounds?"

But there was no change in Boston's temper, nothing to show this had meant anything to him, nothing to break his paranoiac silence, no word, or smile, or even a gesture to show he knew. His mask was final.

* * *

Summer was settling over the jungle, opening its dusty windows on fire escapes and narrow alleys where the breeze was caught, dangling on crowded stoops at night, and moving mysteriously over the tenement roofs where men came to look at the skies which held no promise of rain. It paused like a fire on the banks of the river, refusing to cross, and settling down in the jungle with complacent wisdom. Not even the bridge could entice it. For its business was plainly here among the poor, torturing them with the cruel desire for sleep during the day, and driving them, restless and wakeful, through the sticky, breathless nights.

The Rahjah walked through the hot streets with an ache in his heart. His pockets were empty, and his body longed for the caress of a new suit like the white jacket and marineblue trousers hanging in the window of the Jew store.

He found Johnny Boston at Willy's, shooting pool with a bunch of the Hurricanes, pulled him aside, and confided his desire.

"What I want with that mess?" Johnny asked.

"You yellow, boy?"

Johnny snickered. "You think so, Rahjah?"

The twitch under Rahjah's eye became more violent, and his voice pleaded. "It take you only a minute, Johnny. We go fifty-fifty, whatever we git. Jus' you and me."

"You got the heat?" Johnny asked.

"What we need a heat?" The Rahjah paled under his creamyellow skin.

"It make me feel better. Jus' in case."

"I git it from the boss," Rahjah said. "You wait."

He was back in half an hour, the gun bulging inside his jacket. "The boss say be careful," he said. "This ain't no waterpistol."

Johnny took it from him out in the street, hesitating only long enough to feel the hard curve of the barrel. "O.K., Rahjah," he said. "Let's go."

They walked down the street, close to the houses, and the crowded stoops, closing their ears to the cries of the children, the sweet voices of women, their nostrils assailed by the tart perfumes. A mounted policeman passed them at one corner, and at another a large-breasted woman shouted after them, her voice rasping, and drunk.

The Jew store was dark, the block deserted except for a few pedestrians. The suit was in the window, safe behind the clean pane, alluring and priceless. Rahjah licked his lips, and his desire flowered into an orgasm of trembling ecstasy. He looked around for a rock, eager to finish the job at once. Johnny grabbed his arm.

"I'll smash it with the heat," he said. "You go down the block, lay chickee. I stay here. If it look right, you give me a whistle."

Rahjah went slowly, the fang of his desire stubbornly withdrawn. Johnny waited till he had reached the corner. He looked around. It was clear now. Then the Rahjah whistled.

He removed the revolver, and averting his face, smashed the butt into the glass. The crash stunned his ears, and a splinter of glass flew past his eyes. The silence was terrible. He looked down the block. A dark figure had stopped, spun around, and was watching him from the distance. At the other end he could see the Rahjah hunched in a doorway flaked with lamplight. He made a movement forward, carefully, to avoid being cut by the jagged seams of glass. His fingers touched the wonderful jacket that Rahjah wanted to possess.

The loud, piercing whistle froze his heart. He turned swiftly. The Rahjah was waving frantically. Then he vanished. Another whistle was blowing, shrilly, persistently, in a different key. It was far away, and strangely invisible. Johnny stepped back, looked to right and left, confused, trying to locate the sound. From a different direction, perhaps several

blocks away, came the low wail of a siren. Johnny sprinted towards the corner.

A police car was speeding along the street. Johnny turned, retraced his steps, and darted to the left. The siren grew louder, the whistle shrieked in his ears. He was conscious of people, saw lights glaring from windows, heard voices falling like cataracts. He bumped into a warm, unresisting mass, heard a cry, and saw a shadow sprawl on the pavement. Then he was running up an empty stoop, into the murky twilight of a hall, up stairs, following the long, hard, twisting bannisters round landings, up and up till he was fumbling at last with the rusty lock of a skylight which barred him from the roof. His lungs sucked in the hot, stale air, and pinched his bursting ribs. He tore at the iron with clumsy, determined fingers. When it gave, the cold, sweet air swept over him like a colossal wave. He sprang forward.

For a moment he stood erect. The silence was treacherous. The sounds were muted by the darkness. But soon they became audible, the screech of brakes, voices, steps running. He moved cautiously, and crouched behind a ledge to catch his breath and get his bearings. But there was hardly enough time. He could hear them coming, and knew they would discover him. He put his hand to his heart, and suddenly recalled the gun, and took it out. It no longer seemed real. He felt it would disintegrate if he pressed it too tight. He jumped over the ledge, and ran low to the next roof, hugging the safe shadows of its skylight.

He sensed his pursuer before he saw the swift beam splitting the dark in long, grasping fingers of light. When it snapped out, his eyes went blind for seconds. He had to move, find a fire escape. Crawl down. Reach the yard, An alleyway. Get away from this silent enemy that would expose him in the full glare of its electric eye.

His muscles tensed, and he leaped across the yawning, flat space to the roof's edge. But as he sprang forward the searchlight caught him. He shifted sideways out of its reach, like a boxer rolling away from a punch, and lay paralyzed on the cool, sticky tar, behind another skylight.

"Give it up now," a voice commanded. "You can't get away with it. We got you cornered."

For a moment, secure in the tight crouch of his body, the strong comfort of the tar, the close metal of the skylight, he failed to recognize

the voice. It was words. The enemy. The searchlight felt around the snug corners of his bastion.

"Come out," the voice said. "It ain't no use."

Suddenly he knew him, was sure, and his mind cleared. A strange, fruitful joy claimed him, and refreshed his body. The night became alive again. There was sky. There were stars. Air, and the thin, warm breeze coming over the city, up from the great, dark valley, from the green, fragrant parks, and the winding river. There was Mallory only yards away, waiting for him to come out. He laughed inside, intoxicated, dizzy with the grim exultation of the moment.

Would he run now, or wait to face Mallory? The question posed itself to him in all its simple brutality. Face him, of course, his body directed. Let the searchlight name his face before he killed him. If he could only be certain. His mind commanded thought. Make certain of yourself first. Escape. Then kill. Don't chance it now. Don't give the moment back. Mallory was a killer. Escape.

He moved backwards along the line of the shadow till he reached the ledge, and his legs swung over the iron ladder that curved down to the fire escape. The searchlight struck his face as his body slipped below the level of the roof, and he heard Mallory's feet running muted over the tar above him. Five stories below lay the yard. Above him the roof. He was being squeezed to death now between the earth and the sky.

The beam of light fell straight from the ledge two yards away. He clutched the rung of the ladder with his left hand, pointed the gun with the right, and fired into the blinding glare.

The recoil shocked him back into the dark. Thunder, and the brash scream of pain followed him. They wailed like skyrockets. He tried to hold them securely, clutch them, fill up his ears with them, the sense, the agony. Space choked him, pulled him irresistibly into its lovely, painful vortex, spinning and dropping him into the silent pit of its miraculous universe.

* * *

"Deceased," was the word they had pencilled on the slip. Matthew looked at it for the last time now in the tranquil stillness of the afternoon. The room was deserted, the shades were drawn, the final bell had rung. It was time to go. He dragged his red pencil across the word, and below it carefully printed, "Murdered." He stared at it for a few minutes, then

crumpled the slip, and brushed it off the desk and into the wastebasket.

When he stood up, the map hanging over the blackboard annoyed him. He put out his hand to roll it, but hesitated and found himself drawn again to that strange, paper spot where Thurman's body was buried. Somehow it had become a part of the map, dwelt there safely beyond the scourge of the elements, the pickings of vultures, and the quiet, reliable routine of worms. Matthew shook off the grotesque vision which had come to him, grasped the wooden edge, and let it curl up perfectly into its metal pocket.

The halls were still now as he walked through them, the business of the day over, the records closed. He walked slowly, unthinking, untroubled, down the stairs to the office, to his time card, to the immutable clock. He pressed the lever, and the bell sounded dully as it registered the hour. He replaced the card in the rack.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Stratton," Johnson said.

He looked up, and saw the sleek, dark man who was standing before him. He had just emerged from Dana's office.

"I suppose you read about Mallory," Johnson said.

"Yes."

"And the boy. He was one of yours I think."

Matthew nodded.

"Poetic justice, wasn't it?" Johnson asked. "A judgment of God. He must have fallen as the gun went off."

Mr. Dana rushed out of his office, his face flushed, a letter clutched in his hand.

"Oh, there you are, Johnson," he said. "I thought you'd already gone. I wonder if you'd . . ."

He saw Matthew, and tried to adjust himself to his presence, like a woman interrupted naked in her boudoir. He nervously brushed back the thin gray hair behind his ears.

"Mr. Stratton, eh? Well, Mr. Stratton." He stumbled giddily for the correct words. "You see, Mr. Stratton, you see. That's what comes of being too timid. Mallory I mean. That boy. What was his name? What was his name, Johnson?"

"John Boston."

"Boston—yes. You don't want to use harsh measures, Mr. Stratton. Well, well, just see what comes of it. Murder. Murdering a policeman. Well, I hope you've learned a lesson. I hope you're satisfied."

Matthew turned on his heels, and left them abruptly. He walked down the last, slow flight, and across the big concrete yard to the gate and the street. Below the steps the white police car was waiting. In it sat two policemen. They stared at him blankly as he passed.

He crossed the last street before the river, reached the ramp, and strode heavily in the direction of the bridge. It seemed he would never reach it. The wind was blowing southwest now, carrying the pungent stench of the garbage, piled on the barges, towards the immaculate city in which he lived. A single gull careened in a smooth, long curve, mocking the thin, unbuoyant air and the blue sky. Behind him the jungle lay quiet under the gentle haze of the June afternoon. He did not glance back at it. He was leaving it, he thought, cutting it out of his tissues with the glowing radium of his brain. He was going back to his own, the pure, the white and radiant city across the bridge. But as he left the ramp, and felt the iron floor of the bridge underfoot once more, he knew that he would never get there. The radium was failing, and his eyes were bright. There was no need to look back. The jungle was still there.

RICHARD WRIGHT'S BLUES

By RALPH ELLISON

If anybody ask you
who sing this song,
Say it was ole [Black] Boy
done been here and gone.[1]

As a writer, Richard Wright has outlined for himself a dual role: To discover and depict the meaning of Negro experience; and to reveal to both Negroes and whites those problems of a psychological and emotional nature which arise between them when they strive for mutual understanding.

Now in *Black Boy,* he has used his own life to probe what qualities of will, imagination, and intellect are required of a Southern Negro in order to possess the meaning of his life in the United States. Wright is an important writer, perhaps the most articulate Negro American, and what he has to say is highly perceptive. Imagine Bigger Thomas projecting his own life in lucid prose, guided, say, by the insights of Marx and Freud, and you have an idea of this autobiography.

Published at a time when any sharply critical approach to Negro life has been dropped as a wartime expendable, it should do much to redefine the problem of the Negro and American Democracy. Its power can be observed in the shrill manner with which some professional "friends of the Negro people" have attempted to strangle the work in a noose of newsprint.

What in the tradition of literary autobiography is it like, this work described as a "great American autobiography"? As a nonwhite intellectual's statement of his relationship to western culture, *Black Boy* recalls the conflicting pattern of identification and rejection found in Nehru's *Toward Freedom.* In its use of fictional techniques, its concern with criminality (sin) and the artistic sensibility, and in its author's judgment and rejection of the narrow world of his origin, it recalls Joyce's rejection of Dublin in *A Portrait of the Artist.* And as a psychological document

[1]Signature formula used by blues singers at conclusion of song.

of life under oppressive conditions, it recalls *The House of the Dead,* Dostoievski's profound study of the humanity of Russian criminals.

Such works were perhaps Wright's literary guides, aiding him to endow his life's incidents with communicable significance; providing him with ways of seeing, feeling, and describing his environment. These influences, however, were encountered only after these first years of Wright's life were past and were not part of the immediate folk culture into which he was born. In that culture the specific folk-art form which helped shape the writer's attitude toward his life and which embodied the impulse that contributes much to the quality and tone of his autobiography was the Negro Blues. This would bear a word of explanation:

The Blues is an impulse to keep the painful details and episodes of a brutal experience alive in one's aching consciousness, to finger its jagged grain, and to transcend it, not by the consolation of philosophy, but by squeezing from it a near-tragic, near-comic lyricism. As a form, the Blues is an autobiographical chronicle of personal catastrophe expressed lyrically. And certainly Wright's early childhood was crammed with catastrophic incidents. In a few short years his father deserted his mother, he knew intense hunger, he became a drunkard begging drinks from black stevedores in Memphis saloons; he had to flee Arkansas where an uncle was lynched; he was forced to live with a fanatically religious grandmother in an atmosphere of constant bickering; he was lodged in an orphan asylum; he observed the suffering of his mother who became a permanent invalid, while fighting off the blows of the poverty-stricken relatives with whom he had to live; he was cheated, beaten, and kicked off jobs by white employees who disliked his eagerness to learn a trade; and to these objective circumstances must be added the subjective fact that Wright, with his sensitivity, extreme shyness and intelligence was a problem child who rejected his family and was by them rejected.

Thus along with the themes, equivalent descriptions of milieu and the perspectives to be found in Joyce, Nehru, Dostoievski, George Moore and Rousseau, *Black Boy* is filled with blues-tempered echoes of railroad trains, the names of Southern towns and cities, estrangements, fights and flights, deaths and disappointments, charged with physical and spiritual hungers and pain. And like a blues sung by such an artist as Bessie Smith, its lyrical prose evokes the paradoxical, almost surreal image of a black boy singing lustily as he probes his own grievous wound.

In *Black Boy,* two worlds have fused, two cultures merged, two impulses of western man become coalesced. By discussing some of its cultural sources I hope to answer those critics who would make of the book a miracle and of its author a mystery. And while making no attempt to probe the mystery of the artist (who Hemingway says is "forged in injustice as a sword is forged") I do hold that basically the prerequisites to the writing of *Black Boy* were, on the one hand, the microscopic degree of cultural freedom which Wright found in the South's stony injustice, and, on the other, the existence of a personality agitated to a state of almost manic restlessness. There were, of course, other factors, chiefly ideological; but these came later.

Wright speaks of his journey north as,

> . . . taking a part of the South to transplant in alien soil, to see if it could grow differently, if it could drink of new and cool rains, bend in strange winds, respond to the warmth of other suns, and perhaps, to bloom. . . .

And just as Wright, the man, represents the blooming of the delinquent child of the autobiography, just so does *Black Boy* represent the flowering —cross-fertilized by pollen blown by the winds of strange cultures—of the humble blues lyric. There is, as in all acts of creation, a world of mystery in this, but there is also enough that is comprehensible for Americans to create the social atmosphere in which other black boys might freely bloom.

For certainly, in the historical sense, Wright is no exception. Born on a Mississippi plantation, he was subjected to all those blasting pressures which, in a scant eighty years, have sent the Negro people hurtling, without clearly defined trajectory, from slavery to emancipation, from log cabin to city tenement, from the white folks' fields and kitchens to factory assembly lines; and which, between two wars, have shattered the wholeness of its folk consciousness into a thousand writhing pieces.

Black Boy describes this process in the personal terms of *one* Negro childhood. Nevertheless, several critics have complained that it does not "explain" Richard Wright. Which, aside from the notion of art involved, serves to remind us that the prevailing mood of American criticism has so thoroughly excluded the Negro that it fails to recognize some of the most basic tenets of western democratic thought when encountering them in a black skin. They forget that human life possesses an innate dignity and mankind an innate sense of nobility; that all men possess the tendency

to dream and the compulsion to make their dreams reality; that the need to be ever dissatisfied and the urge ever to seek satisfaction is implicit in the human organism; and that all men are the victims and the beneficiaries of the goading, tormenting, commanding, and informing activity of that imperious process known as the Mind—the Mind, as Valéry describes it, "armed with its inexhaustible questions."

Perhaps all this (in which lies the very essence of the human, and which Wright takes for granted) has been forgotten because the critics recognize neither Negro humanity nor the full extent to which the Southern community renders the fulfilment of human destiny impossible. And while it is true that *Black Boy* presents an almost unrelieved picture of a personality corrupted by brutal environment, it also presents those fresh, human responses brought to its world by the sensitive child:

> There was the *wonder* I felt when I first saw a brace of mountainlike, spotted, black-and-white horses clopping down a dusty road . . . the *delight* I caught in seeing long straight rows of red and green vegetables stretching away in the sun . . . the faint, cool kiss of *sensuality* when dew came on to my cheeks . . . the vague *sense of the infinite* as I looked down upon the yellow, dreaming waters of the Mississippi . . . the echoes of *nostalgia* I heard in the crying strings of wild geese . . . the *love* I had for the mute regality of tall, moss-clad oaks . . . the hint of *cosmic cruelty* that I *felt* when I saw the curved timbers of a wooden shack that had been warped in the summer sun . . . and there was the *quiet terror* that suffused my senses when vast hazes of gold washed earthward from star-heavy skies on silent nights. . . .[2]

And a bit later, his reactions to religion:

> Many of the religious symbols appealed to my sensibilities and I responded to the dramatic vision of life held by the church, feeling that to live day by day with death as one's sole thought was to be so compassionately sensitive toward all life as to view all men as slowly dying, and the trembling sense of fate that welled up, sweet and melancholy, from the hymns blended with the sense of fate that I had already caught from life.

There was also the influence of his mother—so closely linked to his hysteria and sense of suffering—who (though he only implies it here) taught him, in the words of the dedication prefacing *Native Son,* "to revere the fanciful and the imaginative." There were also those white men—the one who allowed Wright to use his library privileges and the other who advised him to leave the South, and still others whose offers of friendship he was too frightened to accept.

[2]Italics mine.

Wright assumed that the nucleus of plastic sensibility is a human heritage—the right and the opportunity to dilate, deepen, and enrich sensibility—democracy. Thus the drama of *Black Boy* lies in its depiction of what occurs when Negro sensibility attempts to fulfill itself in the undemocratic South. Here it is not the individual that is the immediate focus, as in Joyce's *Stephen Hero,* but that upon which his sensibility was nourished.

Those critics who complain that Wright has omitted the development of his own sensibility hold that the work thus fails as art. Others, because it presents too little of what they consider attractive in Negro life, charge that it distorts reality. Both groups miss a very obvious point: That whatever else the environment contained, it had as little chance of prevailing against the overwhelming weight of the child's unpleasant experiences as Beethoven's Quartets would have of destroying the stench of a Nazi prison.

We come, then, to the question of art. The function, the psychology, of artistic selectivity is to eliminate from art form all those elements of experience which contain no compelling significance. Life is as the sea, art a ship in which man conquers life's crushing formlessness, reducing it to a course, a series of swells, tides, and wind currents inscribed on a chart. Though drawn from the world, "the organized significance of art," writes Malraux, "is stronger than all the multiplicity of the world; . . . that significance alone enables man to conquer chaos and to master destiny."

Wright saw his destiny—that combination of forces before which man feels powerless—in terms of a quick and casual violence inflicted upon him by both family and community. His response was likewise violent, and it has been his need to give that violence significance which has shaped his writings.

II

What were the ways by which other Negroes confronted their destiny?

In the South of Wright's childhood there were three general ways: They could accept the role created for them by the whites and perpetually resolve the resulting conflicts through the hope and emotional cartharsis of Negro religion; they could repress their dislike of Jimcrow social relations while striving for a middle way of respectability, becoming—consciously or unconsciously—the accomplices of the whites in oppressing

their brothers; or they could reject the situation, adopt a criminal attitude, and carry on an unceasing psychological scrimmage with the whites, which often flared forth into physical violence.

Wright's attitude was nearest the last. Yet, in it there was an all-important qualitative difference: it represented a groping for *individual* values, in a black community whose values were what the young Negro critic, Edward Bland, has defined as "pre-individual." And herein lay the setting for the extreme conflict set off, both within his family and in the community, by Wright's assertion of individuality. The clash was sharpest on the psychological level, for, to quote Bland:

> In the pre-individualistic thinking of the Negro the stress is on the group. Instead of seeing in terms of the individual, the Negro sees in terms of "races," masses of peoples separated from other masses according to color. Hence, an act rarely bears intent against him as a Negro individual. He is singled out not as a person but as a specimen of an ostracized group. He knows that he never exists in his own right but only to the extent that others hope to make the race suffer vicariously through him.

This pre-individual state is induced artificially—like the regression to primitive states noted among cultured inmates of Nazi prisons. The primary technique in its enforcement is to impress the Negro child with the omniscience and omnipotence of the whites to the point that whites appear as ahuman as Jehovah, and as relentless as a Mississippi flood. Socially it is effected through an elaborate scheme of taboos supported by a ruthless physical violence, which strikes not only the offender, but the entire black community. To wander from the paths of behavior laid down for the group is to become the agent of communal disaster.

In such a society the development of individuality depends upon a series of accidents; which often arise, as in Wright's case, from conditions within the Negro family. In Wright's life there was the accident that as a small child he could not distinguish between his fair-skinned grandmother and the white women of the town, thus developing skepticism as to their special status. To this was linked the accident of his having no close contacts with whites until after the child's normal formative period.

But these objective accidents not only link forward to those qualities of rebellion, criminality, and intellectual questioning expressed in Wright's work today. They also link backward into the shadow of infancy where environment and consciousness are so darkly intertwined as to require

the skill of a psychoanalyst to define their point of juncture. Nevertheless, at the age of four, Wright set the house afire and was beaten near to death by his frightened mother. This beating, followed soon by his father's desertion of the family, seems to be the initial psychological motivation of his quest for a new identification. While delirious from this beating Wright was haunted "by huge wobbly white bags like the full udders of a cow, suspended from the ceiling above me [and] I was gripped by the fear that they were going to fall and drench me with some horrible liquid. . . ."

It was as though the mother's milk had turned acid, and with it the whole pattern of life that had produced the ignorance, cruelty, and fear that had fused with mother-love and exploded in the beating. It is significant that the bags were of the hostile color white, and the female symbol that of the cow, the most stupid (and, to the small child, the most frightening) of domestic animals. Here in dream symbolism is expressed an attitude worthy of an Orestes. And the significance of the crisis is increased by virtue of the historical fact that the lower-class Negro family is matriarchal; the child turns not to the father to compensate if he feels mother-rejection, but to the grandmother, or to an aunt—and Wright rejected both of these. Such rejection leaves the child open to psychological insecurity, distrust, and all of those hostile environmental forces from which the family functions to protect it.

One of the Southern Negro family's methods of protecting the child is the severe beating—a homeopathic dose of the violence generated by black and white relationships. Such beatings as Wright's were administered for the child's own good; a good which the child resisted, thus giving family relationships an undercurrent of fear and hostility, which differs qualitatively from that found in patriarchal middle-class families, because here the severe beating is administered by the mother, leaving the child no parental sanctuary. He must ever embrace violence along with maternal tenderness, or else reject, in his helpless way, the mother.

The division between the Negro parents of Wright's mother's generation, whose sensibilities were often bound by their proximity to the slave experience, and their children, who historically and through the rapidity of American change, stand emotionally and psychologically much farther away, is quite deep. Indeed, sometimes as deep as the cultural distance between Yeats' *Autobiographies* and a Bessie Smith blues. This

is the historical background to those incidents of family strife in *Black Boy* which have caused reviewers to question Wright's judgment of Negro emotional relationships.

We have here a problem in the sociology of sensibility that is obscured by certain psychological attitudes brought to Negro life by whites.

III

The first is the attitude which compels whites to impute to Negroes sentiments, attitudes, and insights which, as a group living under certain definite social conditions, Negroes could not humanly possess. It is the identical mechanism which William Empson identifies in literature as "pastoral." It implies that since Negroes possess the richly human virtues credited to them, then their social position is advantageous and should not be bettered; and, continuing syllogistically, the white individual need feel no guilt over his participation in Negro oppression.

The second attitude is that which leads whites to misjudge Negro passion, looking upon it as they do, out of the turgidity of their own frustrated yearning for emotional warmth, their capacity for sensation having been constricted by the impersonal mechanized relationships typical of bourgeois society. The Negro is idealized into a symbol of sensation, of unhampered social and sexual relationships. And when *Black Boy* questions their illusion they are thwarted much in the manner of the occidental who, after observing the erotic character of a primitive dance, "shacks up" with a native woman—only to discover that far from possessing the hair-trigger sexual responses of a Stork Club "babe," she is relatively phlegmatic.

The point is not that American Negroes are primitives, but that as a group, their social situation does not provide for the type of emotional relationships attributed them. For how could the South, recognized as a major part of the backward third of the nation, flower in the black, most brutalized section of its population, those forms of human relationships achievable only in the most highly developed areas of civilization?

Champions of this "Aren't-Negroes-Wonderful?" school of thinking often bring Paul Robeson and Marian Anderson forward as examples of highly developed sensibility, but actually they are only its *promise*. Both received their development from an extensive personal contact with European culture, free from the influences which shape Southern Negro

personality. In the United States, Wright, who is the only Negro literary artist of equal caliber, had to wait years and escape to another environment before discovering the moral and ideological equivalents of his childhood attitudes.

Man cannot express that which does not exist—either in the form of dreams, ideas, or realities—in his environment. Neither his thoughts nor his feelings, his sensibility nor his intellect are fixed, innate qualities. They are processes which arise out of the interpenetration of human instinct with environment, through the process called experience; each changing and being changed by the other. Negroes cannot possess many of the sentiments attributed to them because the same changes in environment which, through experience, enlarge man's intellect (and thus his capacity for still greater change) also modify his feelings; which in turn increase his sensibility, i.e. his sensitivity to refinements of impression and subtleties of emotion. The extent of these changes depends upon the quality of political and cultural freedom in the environment.

Intelligence tests have measured the quick rise in intellect which takes place in Southern Negroes after moving north, but little attention has been paid to the mutations effected in their sensibilities. However, the two go hand in hand. Intellectual complexity is accompanied by emotional complexity; refinement of thought, by refinement of feeling. The movement north affects more than the Negro's wage scale, it affects his entire psychosomatic structure.

The rapidity of Negro intellectual growth in the North is due partially to objective factors present in the environment, to influences of the industrial city, and to a greater political freedom. But there are also changes within the "inner world." In the North energies are released and given *intellectual* channelization—energies which in most Negroes in the South have been forced to take either a *physical* form or, as with potentially intellectual types like Wright, to be expressed as nervous tension, anxiety, and hysteria. Which is nothing mysterious. The human organism responds to environmental stimuli by converting them into either physical and/or intellectual energy. And what is called hysteria is suppressed intellectual energy expressed physically.

The "physical" character of their expression makes for much of the difficulty in understanding American Negroes. Negro music and dances are frenziedly erotic; Negro religious ceremonies violently ecstatic; Negro

speech strongly rhythmical and weighted with image and gesture. But there is more in this sensuousness than the unrestraint and insensitivity found in primitive cultures; nor is it simply the relatively spontaneous and undifferentiated responses of a people living in close contact with the soil. For despite Jimcrow, Negro life does not exist in a vacuum, but in the seething vortex of those tensions generated by the most highly industrialized of western nations. The welfare of the most humble black Mississippi sharecropper is affected less by the flow of the seasons and the rhythm of natural events than by the fluctuations of the stock market; even though, as Wright states of his father, the sharecropper's memories, actions, and emotions are shaped by his immediate contact with nature and the crude social relations of the South.

All of this makes the American Negro far different from the "simple" specimen for which he is taken. And the "physical" quality offered as evidence of his primitive simplicity is actually the form of his complexity. The American Negro is a western type whose social condition creates a state which is almost the reverse of the cataleptic trance: Instead of his consciousness being lucid to the reality around it while the body is rigid, here it is the body which is alert, reacting to pressures which the constricting forces of Jimcrow block off from the transforming, concept-creating activity of the brain. The "eroticism" of Negro expression springs from much the same conflict as that displayed in the violent gesturing of a man who attempts to express a complicated concept with a limited vocabulary; thwarted ideational energy is converted into unsatisfactory pantomime, and his words are burdened with meanings they cannot convey. Here lies the source of the basic ambiguity of *Native Son,* wherein in order to translate Bigger's complicated feelings into universal ideas, Wright had to force into Bigger's consciousness concepts and ideas which his intellect could not formulate. Between Wright's skill and knowledge and the potentials of Bigger's mute feelings lay a thousand years of conscious culture.

In the South the sensibilities of both blacks and whites are inhibited by the rigidly defined environment. For the Negro there is relative safety as long as the impulse toward individuality is suppressed. (Lynchings have occurred because Negroes painted their homes.) And it is the task of the Negro family to adjust the child to the Southern milieu; through it the currents, tensions, and impulses generated within the human

organism by the flux and flow of events are given their distribution. This also gives the group its distinctive character. Which, because of Negroes' suppressed minority position, is very much in the nature of an elaborate but limited defense mechanism. Its function is dual: to protect the Negro from whirling away from the undifferentiated mass of his people into the unknown, symbolized in its most abstract form by insanity, and most concretely by lynching; and to protect him from those unknown forces *within himself* which might urge him to reach out for that social and human equality which the white South says he cannot have. Rather than throw himself against the charged wires of his prison he annihilates the impulses within him.

The pre-individualistic black community discourages individuality out of self-defense. Having learned through experience that the whole group is punished for the actions of the single member, it has worked out efficient techniques of behavior control. For in many Southern communities everyone knows everyone else and is vulnerable to his opinions. In some communities everyone is "related" regardless of blood-ties. The regard shown by the group for its members, its general communal character and its cohesion are often mentioned. For by comparison with the coldly impersonal relationships of the urban industrial community, its relationships are personal and warm.

Black Boy, however, illustrates that this personal quality, shaped by outer violence and inner fear, is ambivalent. Personal warmth is accompanied by an equally personal coldness, kindliness by cruelty, regard by malice. And these opposites are as quickly set off against the member who gestures toward individuality as a lynch mob forms at the cry of rape. Negro leaders have often been exasperated by this phenomenon, and Booker T. Washington (who demanded far less of Negro humanity than Richard Wright) described the Negro community as a basket of crabs, wherein should one attempt to climb out, the others immediately pull him back.

The member who breaks away is apt to be more impressed by its negative than by its positive character. He becomes a stranger even to his relatives and he interprets gestures of protection as blows of oppression —from which there is no hiding place, because every area of Negro life is affected. Even parental love is given a qualitative balance akin to "sadism." And the extent of beatings and psychological maimings meted

out by Southern Negro parents rivals those described by the nineteenth-century Russian writers as characteristic of peasant life under the Czars. The horrible thing is that the cruelty is also an expression of concern, of love.

In discussing the inadequacies for democratic living typical of the education provided Negroes by the South, a Negro educator has coined the term *mis-education*. Within the ambit of the black family this takes the form of training the child away from curiosity and adventure, against reaching out for those activities lying beyond the borders of the black community. And when the child resists, the parent discourages him; first with the formula, "That there's for white folks. Colored can't have it," and finally with a beating.

It is not, then, the family and communal violence described by *Black Boy* that is unusual, but that Wright *recognized* and made no peace with its essential cruelty—even when, like a babe freshly emerged from the womb, he could not discern where his own personality ended and it began. Ordinarily, both parent and child are protected against this cruelty —seeing it as love and finding subjective sanction for it in the spiritual authority of the Fifth Commandment, and on the secular level in the legal and extralegal structure of the Jimcrow system. The child who did not rebel, or who was unsuccessful in his rebellion, learned a masochistic submissiveness and a denial of the impulse toward western culture when it stirred within him.

IV

Why then have Southern whites, who claim to "know" the Negro missed all this? Simply because they too are armored against the horror and the cruelty. Either they deny the Negro's humanity and feel no cause to measure his actions against civilized norms; or they protect themselves from their guilt in the Negro's condition and from their fear that their cooks might poison them, or that their nursemaids might strangle their infant charges, or that their field hands might do them violence, by attributing to them a superhuman capacity for love, kindliness, and forgiveness. Nor does this in any way contradict their stereotyped conviction that all Negroes (meaning those with whom they have no contact) are given to the most animal behavior.

It is only when the individual, whether white or black, *rejects* the pattern that he awakens to the nightmare of his life. Perhaps much of

the South's regressive character springs from the fact that many, jarred by some casual crisis into wakefulness, flee hysterically into the sleep of violence or the coma of apathy again. For the penalty of wakefulness is to encounter ever more violence and horror than the sensibilities can sustain unless translated into some form of social action. Perhaps the impassioned character so noticeable among those white Southern liberals so active in the Negro's cause is due to their sense of accumulated horror; their passion—like the violence in Faulkner's novels—is evidence of a profound spiritual vomiting.

This compulsion is even more active in Wright and the increasing number of Negroes who have said an irrevocable "no" to the Southern pattern. Wright learned that it is not enough merely to reject the white South, but that he had also to reject that part of the South which lay within. As a rebel he formulated that rejection negatively, because it was the negative face of the Negro community upon which he looked most often as a child. It is this he is contemplating when he writes:

> Whenever I thought of the essential bleakness of black life in America, I knew that Negroes had never been allowed to catch the full spirit of Western civilization, that they lived somehow in it but not of it. And when I brooded upon the cultural barrenness of black life, I wondered if clean, positive tenderness, love, honor, loyalty, and the capacity to remember were native to man. I asked myself if these human qualities were not fostered, won, struggled and suffered for, preserved in ritual from one generation to another.

But far from implying that Negroes have no capacity for culture, as one critic interprets it, this is the strongest affirmation that they have. Wright is pointing out what should be obvious (especially to his Marxist critics) that Negro sensibility is socially and historically conditioned; that western culture must be won, confronted like the animal in a Spanish bullfight, dominated by the red shawl of codified experience, and brought heaving to its knees.

Wright knows perfectly well that Negro life is a by-product of western civilization, and that in it, if only one possesses the humanity and humility to see, are to be discovered all those impulses, tendencies, life and cultural forms, to be found elsewhere in western society.

The problem arises because the special condition of Negroes in the United States, including the defensive character of Negro life itself (the "will toward organization" noted in the western capitalist appears in the Negro as a will to camouflage, to dissimulate) so distorts these forms

as to render their recognition as difficult as finding a wounded quail against the brown and yellow leaves of a Mississippi thicket—even the spilled blood blends with the background. Having himself been in the position of the quail—to expand the metaphor—Wright's wounds have told him both the question and the answer which every successful hunter must discover for himself: "Where would I hide if *I* were a wounded quail?" But perhaps that requires more sympathy with one's quarry than most hunters possess. Certainly it requires such a sensitivity to the shifting guises of humanity under pressure as to allow them to identify themselves with the human content, whatever its outer form; and even with those Southern Negroes to whom Paul Robeson's name is only a rolling sound in the fear-charged air.

Let us close with one final word about the Blues: Their attraction lies in this, that they at once express both the agony of life and the possibility of conquering it through sheer toughness of spirit. They fall short of tragedy only in that they provide no solution, offer no scapegoat but the self. Nowhere in America today is there social or political action based upon the solid realities of Negro life depicted in *Black Boy;* perhaps that is why, with its refusal to offer solutions, it is like the Blues. Yet, in it thousands of Negroes will for the first time see their destiny in public print. Freed here of fear and the threat of violence, their lives have at last been organized, scaled down to possessable proportions. And in this lies Wright's most important achievement: He has converted the American Negro impulse toward self-annihilation and "going-under-ground" into a will to confront the world, to evaluate his experience honestly and throw his findings unashamedly into the guilty conscience of America.

ARTHUR KOESTLER AND THE FUTURE OF THE LEFT

By GRANVILLE HICKS

MY TEXT is the conclusion of Robert Gorham Davis' article, "The Sharp Horns of Arthur Koestler's Dilemmas," in the winter issue of *The Antioch Review*:

> Koestler's reaction to Communism is understandable emotionally, as is its appeal to those who shared his experience, the burnt-out Marxists, and the fellow-travelers now fallen into political apathy. After the intoxicating vision of complete truth that Communism gave them, they want an equivalent truth, equally final and absolute, which is to be found, of course, only mystically. They do not want to go back to the difficult realm of the complex, the imperfect, the conditional, which is human history. Because he dramatizes so effectively an experience which was significant in our time and may recur again, Koestler is an important figure. But in his abnegation of reason at a moment when we need it most, when we are entering an international period of great danger and great possibilities, he is, I think, a harmful guide and teacher.

For myself, I do not regard Koestler as a harmful guide and teacher, and I shall try to say why. This is not to suggest, however, that I agree with everything Koestler has written, any more than I disagree with all of Mr. Davis' comments on Koestler's work. The Davis article is a penetrating and suggestive piece of criticism, and my quarrel with it is chiefly a matter of emphasis.

Mr. Davis is particularly persuasive in his discussion of the quality of Koestler's imagination. "But in the rich interplay of multiple elements within the character that makes depth in great novels," he writes, "Koestler's work is deficient. If we forget the relevance of their problems, and look at the human content of these books, we realize how very sparsely furnished they are." Even the warmest admirer of Koestler is not likely to deny, on second thought, that the charge is true. The novels have great intensity, for Koestler feels strongly about the problems that engage him, but they do not have the great depth, nor do they have the startling spontaneity, the sheer unpredictableness, that is so often the mark of genius. Never crudely schematic, they are none the less dramatizations of ideas.

In short, though they reach to the highest limits of the genre, they remain problem novels.

Mr. Davis is right, then, in concentrating on Koestler's ideas, and he is equally right in emphasizing the homogeneity of all of Koestler's works —novels, memoirs, and essays—that have appeared in English. Indeed, back in 1933, when he was an active member of the Communist Party, Koestler wrote a play, *Twilight Bar*,[1] that asks most of the questions with which he has subsequently occupied himself. It was, as he says, a strange play for a Communist to write, but it foreshadowed the Koestler of 1945. Fantasy is not one of the approved media of proletarian literature, and the problem of happiness in the Soviet Union is dealt with in decrees rather than plays. Koestler, however, even at a time when he officially accepted the whole Communist position, chose to raise that problem and to suggest that conservatives, revolutionaries, and intellectuals were equally unable to solve it. It should also be noted that the problem, in the terms of his fantasy, has to be solved immediately to save the world. The apocalyptic feeling that time is short is still strong in Koestler.

II

If we are to consider Koestler as a thinker, or at least as a man in search of a way of life, we must take into account the new collection of his essays, *The Yogi and the Commissar*,[2] which has been published since the appearance of Mr. Davis' article. Many of the pieces it contains have appeared in American and British periodicals, and several of them were discussed by Mr. Davis. However, there is certain new material, notably three closely related essays on the Soviet Union and a sequel to the essay that gives the collection its name. Mr. Koestler has at last set forth explicitly his views on Russia, and he has attempted a formal statement of his philosophy.

So far as the Soviet Union is concerned, no reader of *Darkness at Noon* or even of *The Gladiators* can be surprised to discover that Koestler is

[1]In a preface to this play, shortly to be published by the Macmillan Company, Koestler states that he wrote it in Moscow in 1933 and that it was accepted for production in his native Hungary. Production, however, was abandoned, and the manuscript was lost. The present version was written in the summer of 1944, but Koestler indicates that it reproduces the fundamental ideas of the original.

[2]Macmillan. $2.50.

hostile to the Stalin regime. The first of his three essays, "Anatomy of a Myth," examines critically the imaginative hold that Soviet Russia has had on the radicals and so-called progressives of Western Europe and America. "Soviet Myth and Reality" discusses significant social tendencies in Russia: the inheritance of privilege, inequality of education, inequality of income, the treatment of labor, retrogressive measures in the treatment of criminals, women, and children, the emergence of a new ruling class, and the growth of nationalism. Finally, in "The End of an Illusion," Koestler examines the expansionist foreign policy of the Soviet Union. His first conclusion is that socialism does not exist in Russia and that there has been a steady movement away from socialism. His second is that appeasement will work no better with Soviet expansionism than it did with the Nazi quest for *Lebensraum*. His third is that only a true socialist movement—a western revolutionary humanism—can check the growth of Russian pseudo-communism.

Koestler's strong language will inevitably seem dangerous not only to Communists and fellow-travelers but also to many liberals and some conservatives. We are told daily that "irresponsible" criticism of Russia is aid and comfort to the enemy, and surely, if one means by "irresponsible" what the dictionary means, this is true. On the other hand, I doubt if the interests of peace will be served by the suspension of critical judgment, which is what many political commentators seem to be calling for. After the signing of the Soviet-Nazi pact, a number of specialists on Russia came forward to tell us all the things that they had not found it expedient to tell us in earlier years, and one wonders if there will be a second outburst of true confessions on some future occasion. Actually, the suppression of honest criticism is a direct encouragement to the invention, circulation, and acceptance of rumors and lies. When there is no honest criticism, the irresponsibles have a field day.

Criticism of Soviet Russia, in other words, need face only the test that all criticism must face, and I believe that Koestler's essays can stand that test. He gives his sources, which are in most instances official Soviet documents, distinguishes clearly between fact and opinion, and sets forth the logical processes by which his conclusions are drawn from the material he cites. No one should suppose—and Koestler himself does not imply—that this is the whole truth about Russia. It is, however, an attempt to arrive at an accurate estimate of prevailing tendencies.

Such an estimate is important for our thinking on domestic as well as international matters. "Anatomy of a Myth" might well have been written as a reply to Max Lerner's comment in *PM* on Koestler's earlier essay, "Knights in Rusty Armor." "There is, moreover," Lerner wrote, "the fact of Russia, with which Koestler scarcely deals: a powerful fact in the world and in men's consciousness. Russia has broken what used to be the last bastion of the primitives—the myth that socialism is against human nature and that no collectivist society will work." There are liberals —and Lerner is one of them—who do not wholly close their minds to criticisms of the Soviet Union but who nevertheless manage to preserve intact their basic orthodoxy. ("The sympathizer," writes Koestler, speaking as it happens, of *The New Statesman and Nation,* "enjoys the apparent superiority of the broad-minded Theist over the doctrinaire Catholic; but the roots of one belief are as irrational as the others.") To decide what Russia proves about socialism one must first determine how much socialism Russia has, just as one must know what kind of collectivism one wants and what kind exists in the Soviet Union. ("Nationalization and planning," Koestler says, "are a necessary but not a sufficient condition for the creation of a socialist society.") Not all the facts, to be sure, are available, but, as Koestler shows, there is a good deal of information at hand that the liberals have refused to take into account.

As Mr. Davis sees it, Koestler "is not interested in showing that the failure of international Communism in the period between the two wars came from its political and philosophic limitations, and that with wider perspectives and more searching use of reason we can profit from its failures in the period ahead." But if we leave that controversial phrase, "more searching use of reason," for future examination, this is a precise statement of what he is interested in. That he has been seeking to profit from the failures of Communism has been apparent in every word he has written, and now we have a formal analysis of the political and philosophical limitations from which the failures arose. The conclusion of the third of the essays on Russia is specifically addressed to the Left. The conservatives, Koestler says brusquely, are incompetent to deal with the postwar world; the job can only be done by a new revolutionary movement. And it is for the sake of such a movement that the experiences of Soviet Communism must be ruthlessly analyzed. Mr. Davis implies that Koestler appeals only to "burnt-out Marxists and the fellow-travelers now

fallen into political apathy." That is not his intention, and I doubt if the statement is a satisfactory estimate of his influence.

III

What kind of revolutionary movement is Koestler calling for? In one essay he spoke of a fraternity of short-term pessimists and advised idealistic radicals to form "oases in the interregnum desert." In *Scum of the Earth* he said that he and his friends agreed that "one day a new movement was to emerge from the deluge, whose preachers would probably wear monks' cowls and walk barefoot on the roads of a Europe in ruins."

These, I take it, are but figures of speech. The substance to which they point may be found in "Soviet Myth and Reality." The Soviet failure, Koestler maintains, proves nothing about the possibility of socialism because the experiment was undertaken in a highly unsuitable situation. Nevertheless, Soviet history reveals certain significant crises, and an analysis of these may indicate the danger spots for any socialist society. What Koestler concludes is that the breakdown of incentives was the decisive factor. That is, the Soviet Union came to place less and less reliance on voluntary discipline or the sense of community responsibility or a feeling of fraternity and to depend more and more on compulsion, material rewards, and the old nationalistic sentiments. "The Russian Revolution has failed in its aim to create a new type of human society in a new moral climate. The ultimate reason for its failure was the arid nineteenth century materialism of its doctrine. It had to fall back on the old opiates because it did not recognize man's need for spiritual nourishment."

The new revolutionary movement, then, as Koestler sees it, must give men spiritual nourishment. The phrase brings us abruptly to the crux of all the controversies that have been waged over Arthur Koestler: is he a mystic? Mr. Davis thinks he is, and the evidence he cites cannot be lightly disposed of. Rubashoff in *Darkness at Noon,* feeling the inadequacies of the Communist doctrines that have guided most of his life, grasps at a sense of identity with the universe. Peter in *Arrival and Departure* cannot rationally meet the opportunistic arguments of the psychoanalyst who has cured him, and adopts a course for which he can give no logical justification. It is Peter who says that since the Renaissance western man has developed scientific reasoning at the expense of intuition and ethical belief, and writes, "The age of quantitative measurements is draw-

ing to its close." And Peter is merely echoing Koestler himself, who wrote in "A Fraternity of Pessimists" of a new global mood, soon to manifest itself: "It will probably mark the end of our historical era, the period which began with Galileo, Newton and Columbus, the period of human adolescence, the age of scientific formulations and quantitative measurements, of utility values, of the ascendancy of reason over spirit."

As we have seen, Mr. Davis has an explanation of Koestler's alleged mysticism: it is a continuation of a quest for absolute truth such as he once believed he had found in Communism. I am suspicious of that explanation. In the first place, as Mr. Davis goes to some lengths to point out, Koestler was never a "good" Communist. And in the second place, whatever Koestler may be looking for, he does not pretend that he has found final and absolute truths: nothing could be more tentative than the few positive statements he has been willing to make about the "new global mood."

Mr. Davis says that Koestler thinks in terms of polar abstractions, and there is much truth in this. The reader of either *Darkness at Noon* or *Arrival and Departure* is bound to feel that Koestler again and again confronts his characters with two sharply opposed alternatives when actually many different courses are open to them. And in the first part of "The Yogi and the Commissar," though he admits the existence of many "more sedate human attitudes" that lie between the poles, Koestler insists that the real issue is "between the fundamental conception of Change from Without and Change from Within."

But even if we admit Koestler's prejudice in favor of bold dichotomies, we shall have to grant that in practice he takes fuller recognition of intermediate shades than his theory would warrant. If, as Mr. Davis says, his novels tend to pose issues too sharply, his memoirs are full of reservations and dubieties. The indecisiveness that Mr. Davis holds against Koestler in speaking of *Dialogue with Death* and *Scum of the Earth* is a quality that helps to give the books their peculiar authenticity and power. Not only can a case be made for either the Commissar or the Yogi; Koestler, when he speaks of his own relations with people, finds something to be said for every attitude on the spectral scale.

It is in this tentative, experimental spirit, it seems to me, that Koestler has approached the problem of values in the modern world. Though he may say that one must choose between change from without and change

from within, his growing interest in the latter has by no means eliminated his concern with the former. In spite of his extravagant phrases, I see him as a man who, after a cautious approach to one body of doctrine, is now making an equally cautious advance in the opposite direction. He was never a "good" Communist, and I doubt if he will make a "good" mystic.

Even if Koestler should end up in some church or sect, I might still wonder whether "harmful" was the right adjective to apply to his guidance, but the fact is that he has not yet subscribed to any particular creed. What is more, he has turned to science to substantiate his case against the scientific method. In "The Yogi and the Commissar, Part II" he moves—with some awkwardness, to be sure, for he is essentially a literary man — among the findings of modern physics, biology, and psychology. His conclusion is that, as we cannot reduce chemistry to physics, or biology to chemistry, or psychology to biology, so we cannot reduce ethics to psychology. "The significance of our era," he writes, "is that science has been forced by its own development to recognize its own limitations, and thus to make room again for the other way of knowing, whose place it usurped for almost three centuries." The other way of knowing is contemplation, and Koestler believes that it has its own techniques, which can be learned from the Yogi, though we may hope to avoid the passive submission to physical evil that is the Yogi's half of the eternal dilemma.

Knowing even less about Yogis than I suspect Koestler does, I am unimpressed by this. My predilection is all for the "constant, difficult, 'noncommitted' use of reason" that Mr. Davis describes so well. One can avoid the fallacy of reduction without abandoning the scientific method, and for that matter, as F. O. Matthiessen[3] has pointed out, one does not have to go to the Orient to learn about contemplation. This violent preoccupation with the Yogi is surely evidence of that love of polar abstractions which Mr. Davis criticizes. It is also, as Mr. Matthiessen says, evidence of Koestler's rootlessness. He is the detached intellectual par excellence, a man without a country, without a party, without a creed.

If Koestler's rootlessness explains his yielding to the exotic temptations of the Yogi, it does not, of course, make his conclusions any more sensible. On the other hand, the uprooted Koestler is today a terrifyingly representative figure. It is true that not all intellectuals are as completely isolated

[3] *New York Times Book Review*, May 27, 1945.

as Koestler, but Matthiessen's reference to Auden as a poet who is finding strength in tradition is in itself enough to suggest that no roots go very deep in times like these. (For that matter, look at Matthiessen's own struggle to reconcile socialism and Christianity, a battle he has fought in one book after another.) Koestler examines some of these problems in a piece called "The Intelligentsia," but this is one of the least satisfactory of his essays. Far more adequate is Arnold Toynbee's long discussion of deracination in Volume V of his *Study of History*. Toynbee himself, of course, like Matthiessen, hopes that western civilization may yet be saved "by being caught in the arms of an ancestral church which it has vainly striven to push away and keep at arm's length."[4] Yet Toynbee's massive erudition and unquenchable optimism offer little evidence of a new age of faith. Dissatisfaction with our secular civilization multiplies, but only a few intellectuals have concluded that this or that set of dogmas must therefore be true, and those few do not seem wholly at ease. Whatever Mr. Matthiessen may think, there is not too much difference between Koestler's flirtation with the Yogi and Auden's discovery of Kierkegaard.

Koestler argues that Communism is a kind of substitute-religion, appealing, in his words, to the thalamus rather than the pallial cortex. It is, however, a false religion, for it rests on the inadequate view of human nature inherent in nineteenth-century materialism. So far he is in agreement with Toynbee. But where Toynbee insists that we must embrace the truth as revealed in a particular religion, Koestler believes we must look for a truth in religions—a truth that for him, but not for Toynbee, is separable from dogma. I cannot feel that Koestler has made a promising beginning in suggesting that we investigate yoga, but I think he is right in believing that the uprooted intellectuals must create their own spiritual home.

IV

Koestler may some day become in fact a mystic, but up to the present point the critics have been unduly alarmed. And if this particular issue is put in the secondary place where it belongs, the political significance of his writings can at last be clearly seen. He has made no mistake in

[4]Koestler is at the present time reported to be in Palestine, where he spent two years in the '30's. This suggests, as one possibility among many, that he, too, might fall into the arms of an ancestral faith.

regarding the failures of Soviet Communism as the central issue for all those who believe that capitalism must be superseded by a more efficient form of economic organization and can be superseded by a juster one. Nor is he wrong in his insistence that Soviet failures cannot be adequately disposed of in terms of economic conditions, political strategy, or personalities. James Burnham has recently struck at one of the major causes of confused thinking about Russia—the idea that Stalin is the root of all evil. Soviet fallacies go further back than that: back of Stalin to Lenin, as Burnham says, and back of Lenin to Marx. One of their sources may be found in a conception of human character that Marx shared with many other prophets of the nineteenth century.

It is a strange thing that critics who applaud the revolt of a Proust, a Joyce, a Mann, or a Kafka against nineteenth-century limitations succumb to apprehensive shudders when a Koestler tries to state the same issues on a philosophical and political level. Freudian and post-Freudian psychology has had a direct influence on certain writers, but more important than this has been its liberating effect on literature as a whole. Political thought, on the other hand, is still in bondage to an outworn psychology. What is to be desired is not the rigid application of the concepts of Freudianism or any other school but a bold and imaginative experimentation.

Koestler predicts the eventual splitting of the Left into two camps: the followers of Russia and an independent revolutionary movement. Already one sees signs of the division, and the distinguishing marks are temperamental, intellectual, and ethical as well as political. There are people who are natural Communists whether or not they ever accept the party line and the party discipline. Their strength lies in an acute awareness of evil and a determination to do something about it. The acuteness of their sensitivity, however, makes it psychologically impossible for them to be equally aware of all evils. They therefore need a myth to canalize their indignation, to keep their enthusiasm from being dissipated over a multitude of good causes. The same myth, of course, assures them that their actions are significant, and in the areas in which they operate they become hard workers.

Koestler understands the effectiveness of this type and admits his sense of inadequacy when confronted with it. (His description of his relations with the Communists at Le Vernet, which Mr. Davis regards as

proof of weakness, might better be taken as evidence of his recognition of the complexities of the human predicament.) Nevertheless, he realizes how dangerous the type can be. He examines the dangers, however, largely in terms of the Commissar mentality—the logical extension of the type. There are also dangers on less rarefied levels. The rank-and-file Communist gets things done, but he increasingly loses his ability to evaluate what he is doing. On the one hand, he sniffs at the immediate concrete job unless he is officially told that it serves a revolutionary purpose. On the other, he forgets the ultimate goals to which he is theoretically devoted in his preoccupation with the maneuvers that are currently prescribed. At his worst he is either an unthinking tool or a make-believe Commissar, a petty manipulator. At his best he is not likely to escape from self-righteousness and Philistinism. Not only are Communist tactics incompatible with democratic humanism; the party mentality stands in the way of any thoughtful, imaginative approach to the problems of social reconstruction.

It would be a waste of time to try to evaluate existing non-Communist movements in the Left, for the obvious fact is that none of them has achieved effective leadership. Some of them exhibit the Communist mentality, in more or less modified forms, and others have little to offer except their reaction to that mentality. Yet within these various groups there is a steady demand for a more fundamental program than has yet been devised. The strongest impetus, however, may come from quarters that doctrinaire radicals have been quick to scorn—from the unorganized men and women of good will, who have not been entangled in the factional fights of the past ten or twenty years.

Any talk about a new revolutionary movement, as Koestler reminds us, is purely hypothetical, and it would be fatuous to consider programs and methods at this point. Indeed, I am not sure that we should be talking about a movement at all. One can, however, talk about an attitude. Is it not safe to say, for instance, that "realism," the sacred cow of contemporary radicalism, should be put in its place? Idealism, of course, may lead to insistence on perfection and consequent aloofness, but it need not do so if ideals grow out of a broad understanding of human experience. A revolutionary humanist, I take it, will bear in mind both the best and the worst of which mankind has shown itself capable. He will mingle with his fellows as he finds them, but with participation as his object,

not manipulation. He will struggle against evils in himself as well as in the outside world. The good that he desires will seem to him the extension, rather than the negation, of existing good, and he will therefore be in some sense a conservative. But he will be revolutionary in his constant battle against apathy and self-interest and in his determination to apply to social problems the highest vision of human achievement to which he can rise.

But surely, someone will say, this mild benevolence, this gentle echo of Christian socialism, is not adequate to the situations that we see arising in the years after the war. Certainly not. I have been talking merely about an attitude, a spirit, not about the infinitely difficult ways in which it will have to manifest itself to be effective. Even as a description of an attitude what I have said is necessarily vague. Koestler has repeatedly pointed out that a new clarification must precede a new alignment on the Left. He speaks of "an irresistible global mood," "a spiritual spring-tide," "a new 'horizontal' ferment," and none of the phrases satisfies him. For myself, I am tempted to say that a new revolutionary movement must be sustained by such qualities of mind and spirit as I am conscious of when I listen to the music of Mozart and Beethoven. It must, in other words, be related to the deepest experience and the highest aspiration of which men have at any time been capable.

I express myself clumsily, and so, I feel, does Koestler, though he rises at moments to an eloquence I cannot imitate. It is hard for radicals to learn to speak a new language, but they must try if they are to give expression to a new attitude. Whether or not Koestler finds words in which to sum up the meaning of all that he has experienced in the past decade and a half, he has already succeeded in communicating something of the intensity of his hopes, disillusionments, and sufferings. Some of us, especially in America, are fortunate in not having been so drastically uprooted. We must therefore listen all the more attentively to Koestler, for his experiences are significant facts in our world.

No one should—and, so far as I know, no one does—take Koestler's writings as the infallible gospel of a new crusade. Some of the mistakes he has made are obvious, and so are some of the dangers he runs. Yet I think that rather too much attention has been paid to the errors of which he may some day be guilty and not enough to the interesting possibilities his explorations have opened up. It is as an explorer, incidentally, not as

a guide, harmful or otherwise, that I think of him—as a man who is looking for a way, not as a man who sets himself up as having found one. Instead of reaching a new continent, he may take refuge in one of the convenient ports of mysticism, or he may be caught in some Sargasso Sea of indecision, or he may vanish in the stormy depths he has challenged. Whatever happens, I shall continue to watch his voyages with excitement and sympathy.

THE GUILTY CIVILIAN

By J. MITCHELL MORSE

I never saw a more stupid and brutish assemblage of human beings. The performance delighted them. —P. T. BARNUM

JUST AS EVERY WHITE PERSON of any sensibility feels guilty in his relations with Negroes, so every male civilian, consciously or unconsciously, feels guilty in his relations with soldiers. The subjective guilt of the male civilian is one of the most important forces in our culture today. It influences everything we do, and generally speaking the influence is bad. In some fields the patterns it produces will probably persist for years after the war, supported by elaborate rationalizations and even by complete bodies of theory. They will become institutionalized and traditional. In other cases we can hope for a turning away from wartime vulgarity.

For guilt is a great vulgarizer. In our continuous effort to expiate it without acknowledging it we falsify everything we do; if we acknowledge it at all, we transfer it from ourselves to an institution, a group, or society as a whole; or, at best, we nobly take the blame for sins that are not ours. To keep from becoming humble we become corrupt.

The corruption, the vulgarity, is perhaps most obvious in the field of education. The friends of the humanities, long embattled, have given up and gone over to the enemy. Few would deny the propriety, in a time of national emergency, of placing our colleges and universities partly at the disposal of the armed forces. Education has a short-term as well as a long-term responsibility, and neither can be fully met if the other is neglected. But in their eager rush to teach the technology of modern warfare our schools have too often given the impression that they regarded their former devotion to other branches of learning as somehow immoral. Dr. John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, addressing the eastern section of the Progressive Education Association on February 12, 1942, was quoted in the *New York Times* next day to the effect that America's schools should overcome their "ostrich-like attitude," their "ivory-tower attitude," and go "all-out" to win the war, "even though it would mean drastically modified curricula."

It is true that the schools have had an ostrich-like attitude, but it is also true that it has largely been forced upon them by boards of trustees who are not educators and whose attitude toward education is that it's a good thing only so long as it knows its place and doesn't try to take a hand in practical matters that are none of its business. To whatever limited extent educators have won the right to pull their own and their students' heads out of the sand, they have had to fight the dominant business interests of the community in almost every case. Yet they blame only themselves for their ignominious position. They are far less guilty than they feel. Coming so soon after Pearl Harbor, such an address as Dr. Studebaker's might be discounted. But it reflected a point of view which has spread as the war has continued. Professor James Gemmell of the New York State College for Teachers, in a signed article for the *New York Herald Tribune* of August 13, 1944, expressed it bluntly:

> To be bitten by the culture bug is an interesting experience. To be consumed by it is disastrous. What is this culture bug that can be so pleasant and so fatal? It is the exaggerated emphasis that parents and educators have placed upon the so-called "cultural courses" taught in our high schools, such as history, literature, languages, music, art, and drama.

It does seem strange for an educator to talk like a bartender, and undoubtedly most of the teaching profession would disagree with Professor Gemmell, but statements like his have become more and more frequent during the past three years. The state of the humanities was sad enough before the war began; now, it is truly pitiable. Not the least serious obstacle to their recovery is the fact that their most voluble friends are educational and social reactionaries, who would perpetuate and broaden the cleavage between them and our secular preoccupations. We who wish to narrow the breach must not be shamed into silence either by the moral disdain of the uneducated or by what Robert Bendiner calls the bedfellow theory: the theory that we should not support institutions or movements of which we approve if other people support them for motives of which we disapprove. The Chicago-St. John's school should not be allowed to have a monopoly on Plato. There should certainly be a place for him in a modern, progressive, scientific curriculum, and no apologies. He is less an ivory-tower subject than, say, the conventional economics taught in most of our schools. A curriculum made up entirely of "practical" courses would hardly equip students to deal intelligently with the political and

economic realities of our time, or even with their personal problems. "Practical" education is our twentieth-century scholasticism. Our feeling of guilt has driven us into the cloister of practicality, and it may be a long time before we have the courage to go out into the world again.

* * *

Scientists, on the whole, seem to have kept their feet better than educators as such. In June, 1943, Curt Stern, professor of zoology at the University of Rochester, sent the following letter to 212 zoologists in the armed forces:

> Dear Colleague:
>
> This letter is addressed to you, among others, as a fellow scientist who interrupted the pursuit of your chosen field in order to enter the services. Many of us who, because of age or other circumstances, remain at home, are much torn between conflicting attitudes regarding the continuation of scientific and scholarly activities in the midst of war. . . . The question in our minds is this: Should we devote every hour of our time to efforts of immediate war usefulness, or should we reserve a fraction for the continuation of research lines which were thought fruitful in a more peaceful period? . . .

Professor Stern reported the results of the survey in *Science* for April 7, 1944. Of the 212 letters he sent out, thirteen came back marked "No record." Of the remaining 199, only forty-two (about 20 per cent) were answered, and one answer was irrelevant. Of the forty-one zoologists who gave serious answers, thirty-five, said Professor Stern, "believe that peacetime research should be carried out in wartime, 'in spite of war' and even with 'redoubled efforts.' Of these, five are for continuation in spare time, three with restriction to important problems, and twenty-seven for more or less unqualified continuation."

Friends of mine who have conducted questionnaires by mail inform me that a 20 per cent return is considered good even under normal conditions; in view of the difficulties of wartime correspondence, they say, such a record indicates an uncommon amount of interest. Even so, the sample is too small to mean very much. On its face it looks encouraging, but such answers as Professor Stern quotes are almost all defensive in tone. Moreover, it should be remembered that these answers came from soldiers. Professor Stern's letter indicates that civilian scientists are much less easy in their minds.

More serious is the familiar tendency of some scientists to blame their absorption with science for the rise of fascism and for the war itself. It is true that fascism and its war might have been prevented by greater political alertness on the part of the whole population; it is true also that many scientists have been, as Pater said of Botticelli's Madonnas, neither for God nor for His enemies, and that others, less innocent, have allowed themselves to be used as the dumb instruments of unscientific men. But there is no evidence that scientists, whatever their sins, are primarily responsible for the world's present condition. War and its causes are older than science; and, on the record, scientists have always demonstrated more good will and higher ethical standards than their detractors.

In *Science* for March 31, 1944, Dr. Hugh S. Taylor, professor of chemistry at Princeton, quoted Jacques Maritain to the effect that the lack of harmony in the modern world is due to "the victory of science over wisdom," and added this *mea culpa:*

> Have not we scientists, so to speak, to surrender that victory? We shall not yield our energy, our courage, our diligence in search of truth. We shall but renounce the primacy to which a sick world has thrust us; and we shall gain by our renunciation.

This of course is nonsense; but it is typical of much that has passed for scientific writing since the war began.

* * *

Apparently the only people who don't blame themselves for the rise of fascism are the bankers and industrialists who financed it. The highbrow magazines and the metropolitan newspapers have devoted an uncommon amount of space since December 8, 1941, to artists castigating themselves and each other with the whip of social responsibility. On the one hand is the school of Bernard De Voto (who used to preach the gospel of Pareto) and Archibald MacLeish (who about the same time was saying that a poem should be palpable and mute as a globed fruit) proclaiming the duty of the artist to be socially constructive, if not inspirational; on the other hand there is Malcolm Cowley, a better poet than MacLeish and a more conscientious thinker than De Voto, speaking for those who hold that artistic activity is itself an affirmation of the human spirit and hence of democracy. Both schools are really saying the same thing—that the artist has a duty, *as an artist,* to fight for democracy. They differ only as to method. Their point of view can be adapted to the uses

of any political system. It is based on the flattering myth that he who makes a nation's songs has more influence than he who sits at the interstices of its economy, and on the equally unhistorical belief that freedom (or conversely tyranny) is a necessary condition of good art. Art, on the record, knows no politics. Our guilt, however, has made us all rather self-righteous about fascism these days. Quite a few writers and critics have refused to attend the dinner in honor of Thomas Mann's seventieth birthday, because this outstanding antifascist maintained until 1936 that an artist could be above politics and has remained so in his novels. Thus do we fight who stay at home.

But such arguments are not socially important one way or another. Since the public has divorced the serious artist for the false charms of the practitioner of what the pre-Hitler Germans used to call Kitsch—*Saturday Evening Post* fiction, radio serials, calendar landscapes, Hollywood movies, neon-lit phonographs, streamlined sugar bowls, and *Life* editorials—it will be more fruitful to consider how our feeling of guilt has corrupted even our Kitsch. I won't go into the lovely twilight zone where Kitsch and art mingle in one another's being, as in the paintings of Thomas Benton, the novels of Aldous Huxley, and the arrangements of Stokowski, except to say that it seems to have grown broader during the war.

The popular songs of the '90's were largely concerned with the loves and the woes of the neighbors—"She is More to be Pitied than Censured," "She Was Happy Till She Met You," "In the Baggage Coach Ahead," "It's the Same the Whole World Over," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me." There were exceptions, of course, but that was the general pattern.

The advancing twentieth century brought a gradual shift to the first person—"The Easter Parade," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "Margie," "Dream Kisses," "Night and Day," "Good Night, Sweetheart," "I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes," "I Dream of You," "Don't Fence Me In." This is still the dominant theme. The pattern changes slowly—even as late as 1922 there was "Limehouse Blues," whose lyrics, though not its melody, belonged to the '90's.

But the war suddenly brought records of a different type to the juke boxes: "This is the Army, Mr. Jones," "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," "Right in Der Führer's Face," and "We'll Go Marching Through Berlin." In these songs we have reverted to the impersonality

and social consciousness of the '90's. They are of a different quality from the songs of World War I. "Over There" and "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" conformed to the dominant first-person note of the period. But now we're singing about the neighbors again. "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up" and "This is the Army" have the same theme and the same author, but the first was written by a soldier, the second by a civilian. The difference between the first, with its simple plaint and primitive humor, and the second, with its synthetic cleverness and smug social righteousness, is a measure of the gulf between soldier and civilian. There is the same relationship between "Over There" and "Praise the Lord." George M. Cohan was not a soldier, but he was a complete extrovert. His song was the crystallization of a simple, exuberant patriotism, unshadowed by introspection or doubt of any kind; "Praise the Lord," on the other hand, sounds like a product of Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborne. One of the many sad sights of our time is a row of half-drunk civilians sitting at a bar and listening to a juke box play "We'll Go Marching Through Berlin." We confess our guilt in public, but we get no absolution, because, like B.B.D. & O., we don't really mean it.

The movies too, and the radio and the popular magazines, have all become the outlets and sewers of our guilt. There is no need to list the titles of our vicarious adventures and our orgies of self-congratulation and self-pity. They are too many. Suffice it to say that they disgust the soldiers. This is part of a letter by a soldier in the September 11, 1944, issue of *Time:*

> Exploiting the present world tragedy, Hollywood has manufactured a series of war pictures that makes soldiers overseas practically retch, and causes even entertainment-hungry troops to file out of movies before a picture ends, expressing their disgust and scorn with jeers and boos and very-much-to-the-point one-word descriptions. . . . Some marcelled hero with rouged lips and a do-or-die voice has just charged a Jap battalion. . . . He killed the last 180 Japanese with his well-manicured bare hands, and has stopped twice in battle to make a five-minute oration on the Four Freedoms to an invisible audience in the sky.

The soldier's wrath is understandable, but he has missed the point. War movies are not made for soldiers overseas, who see them free, but for civilians, who pay. And apparently that's the kind of war movies civilians like.

This is another soldier's letter, published in the December 8, 1944, issue of *Yank*, the army magazine:

> It is time that someone told our patriotic writers that some of us GIs don't like the army. The radio serials, the movies, and the newspaper and magazine stories would have the reading public believe that every young man is just crazy about army life. If the young male in the story hasn't already enlisted (usually he enlists Dec. 8, 1941), he's very bitter about not getting drafted. He hates to be a civilian making $150 a week and curses the medical officers who rejected him. . . . The writers work it differently if the hero is already in the army. If he has been in combat, been wounded, and in general gone through hell, he's dying to get back to that muddy foxhole, just can't wait till he leaves his cuddlesome wench and the other comforts of civilization. . . . If the soldier in the story has a nice soft job in a service outfit in the States, he's busting a gut trying to transfer to the infantry. . . . The stories could be a little more realistic. Just once in a while let's have a veteran who is tickled pink when he gets his honorable discharge.

Here again, the soldier has missed the point. The magazines and the radio, like the movies, cater to the age-old civilian delusion, a delusion which even William James fell into, that the military life is morally invigorating.

But perhaps the most direct evidence of the corruption we civilians have undergone is an article in the April 28, 1944, issue of *Yank*, satirizing the letters we write to soldiers. "Dear Bill," says one of the letters,

> All of us here at the Old Company, from the office staff up to me, are thinking of you boys in the service and doing our part to help you fellas. We're all buying War Bonds and cutting down on meat and butter—and some of the girls in the office are even rolling bandages on Saturday afternoons, when they aren't working. Rationing is pretty grim now. Steaks only twice a week and no more cherries in the cherry cokes. But we don't mind because the papers say that you fellows overseas are getting all the good things—and you certainly deserve them.

"Give 'em hell for me, old fellow," says another.

> They asked for it, and we're just the guys to give it to them. I'm buying War Bonds like an insane stamp collector. I really wish I were out in the foxholes with you, but —.

People who write letters like that have read too many advertisements and listened to the radio too much. They are victims of the whole false, fake, morally debilitating atmosphere that has been created in our country by the sales methods and the public-relations methods of big business.

There is no hope for us as long as we live in this atmosphere. We can't escape it by buying War Bonds or rolling bandages or giving blood. In such an atmosphere even our giving is corrupt. The war has become our favorite charity. And still our guilt remains. Our consciences cannot really be bought off.

After the war, nevertheless, we may try once again to buy them off, by giving large handouts to the veterans and refusing to spend money for more far-looking social purposes. In this noble attitude of thrift and charity we shall undoubtedly be encouraged by those who feed on our corruption. We can escape them only by denying their principles, in whatever changing guises they may be presented, and doing away with their economic system. Only to the extent that we free ourselves from the economic domination of big business shall we be free of its moral influence.

MARSHALL FIELD'S FREE ENTERPRISES

By PAUL BIXLER

THE CENTRAL PROBLEM in American daily journalism is the problem of all large industries—monopoly. In 1942 there were 1,403 cities in the United States served by daily newspapers. But out of all these cities only 127, or about 9 per cent, were fortunate enough to have competing dailies; and if you were to check for true competition and not merely the presence of two or more ownerships, the number of cities served by a competitive journalism would have been even smaller. Not so easily measured in figures but also important are the large news services upon which nearly all newspapers are increasingly dependent; the greatest of these, the Associated Press, is now publicly charged with monopolistic practices.

To set down the cold figures or to say that daily journalism is afflicted with monopoly may not mean much to the average newspaper reader. It is only when the fact of monopoly is seen clothed in its social and human effects that it takes on a sinister look. The growth of monopoly has meant that newspaper policy has gradually slipped from the hands of the old-fashioned independent editor into the control of the business office. It has meant weak or reactionary editorials. It has meant newspaper publishers' taking the good name of "freedom of the press" in vain. It has meant a growing volume of news—and at the same time a growing bias and sameness in the character of the news. It has meant that while reporting has steadily advanced toward the status of a profession, the barriers to the free use of that profession have mounted brick by brick.

At one time advertising was thought to be the chief enemy of freedom of the press. This was the idea of E. W. Scripps, who experimented with the adless *Chicago Day Book*, the *Philadelphia News-Post*, and the limited-advertising *San Francisco News*. By and large, the great newspaper corporation or news service has passed beyond any primary threat of outside tyranny. The dangerous development is not so much fear of advertisers as it is a publishing power, in the hands of a few men, so strong that it

can defy anyone. William Allen White defined the situation well when he said that the "publisher is not bought like a chattel. Indeed he often is able to buy those who are suspected of buying him. But he takes the color of his social environment."

The effects of monopoly have not gone unremarked in the newspaper profession or among newspaper publishers. The conservative trade paper, *Editor and Publisher,* has more than once feared for integrity in the news and for such a thing as "freedom of minority opinion." Marshall Field quotes[1] William Randolph Hearst, interestingly enough, as saying in 1924 that the influence of the press was declining "because so many newspapers are owned or influenced by reactionary interests and predatory corporations, and are used selfishly to promote the welfare of these reactionary interests rather than the welfare of the public." Mr. Hearst should know!

The problem of press monopoly might be attacked in a number of ways, none of them easy or simple. The most obvious method would seem to be more competition. Against this are the terrific costs in setting up a new enterprise in daily news production. Here and there a rich and hardy venturer has bought up a dying or defunct property and set about reviving it. But in more than a decade the only man with both the urge and the money to start a metropolitan paper from scratch has been Marshall Field. In fact, no publisher since Scripps has looked so closely at the problems of freedom of the press with the idea of doing something about them. Be it said that as an amateur in newspaper practice he has allowed himself the guidance of professionals, and that for reasons of "freedom" he has abstained from personally dominating "his" newspapers, *PM* and the *Chicago Sun.*

Mr. Field gives over a part of his *Freedom Is More Than a Word* to the story of these newspapers, but I shall not review it here. I prefer rather to attempt a direct evaluation of *PM,* of the work of *PM*'s chief editorial writer Max Lerner, and of the *Sun,* with reference to Mr. Field or his words where it may seem pertinent. *PM* is now five years old, the *Sun* three and a half. Though the war has handicapped the growth of the *Sun,* if not also that of *PM,* the pattern of each seems well set. The molds are new in American journalism and deserve attention.

---

[1]In his *Freedom Is More Than a Word.* University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

II

It has to be kept in mind that in the beginning *PM* was not a Field enterprise. The paper was born as the project of editor Ralph Ingersoll, and Field was only one of seventeen financial backers. When, after the first few months of heavy expense, it became a serious question as to whether the newspaper would be able to continue, Field stepped in as sole underwriter and agreed to finance deficits until the experiment was given an adequate trial. *PM* was not his idea; it was something he came to accept and believe in.

The new-born enterprise was not originally designed as an answer, partial or complete, to the problem of journalistic competition. It entered a newspaper field, New York City, in which competition was already the most strenuous in the country. Eight other dailies, besides a number of "special interest" sheets (like the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Daily Worker*), were already bidding for and getting the city's patronage.

In order to succeed in such a field, *PM* was bound to be "different." (Equally true, of course, was the fact that a "different" paper probably had the best chance to succeed in the variety and complexity of New York.) Ralph Ingersoll dedicated it in opposition to "people who push other people around, just for the fun of it. . . ." It was to be a fighting, crusading newspaper. It was to carry no advertising, thus eschewing temptation and the possibility of certain front-office headaches. It was to give the background of the news, particularly the important economic, social, and international facts necessary to the intelligent citizen's understanding. The paper was to be employee-controlled.

This last, as it has worked out, is particularly important. The control has not been turned over to the employees in the form of shares in the enterprise. Colonel Nelson tried this experiment years ago with the *Kansas City Star,* and the results, at least for liberalism, have not been very impressive. Instead, all the money in *PM* remains Field money, but control of policy is left in the hands of the chief working members of the staff. Strange as it may seem, Field does not throw his weight around when he occasionally attends a board meeting, or attempt to manipulate policy.

PM has been called the "newspaperman's newspaper." In the sense of control, there may be some truth in the term. But in its larger, more usual sense, the phrase is misapplied. The paper has never had much of a professional air about it; many a staff member has been hired without

newspaper training or experience. The distinction between an experiment and a model professional enterprise needs to be made, for even the *New Republic* was led astray on the point a while back. It commented that "*PM* carries all the important news" and that "few responsible journalists" would be so "naive" as to "contend that *PM* is not a newspaper but only a supplement to other papers who carry the news."

A few months previously newspapermen in the city of Washington, who incidentally are permitted to evaluate at first hand some of the very best work that *PM* has done, agreed that the paper ran the *Chicago Tribune* a close second in the bias of its news. Furthermore, there is some evidence that the editors of *PM* themselves do not regard their paper (with something under 200,000 circulation) as essentially a competitor of the *Herald Tribune* (over 300,000 daily circulation), the *Times* (450,000 daily), or even of the *Daily News* (2,000,000 daily; 3,700,000 Sunday).

About the time that *PM* established itself as a going concern, Max Lerner published an editorial song of triumph, called "The Thorny Path," which began:

New Leader sees red
And the *Worker* feels blue
The *Progressive* turns green—
'Cause *PM*'s coming through.

The editorial, since used in the paper's promotion, developed this theme, and went on to indicate that *PM* has aimed for leadership in general liberal opinion, and that in spite of much liberal criticism (some liberals may always be counted on to exercise their right of dissent on anything successful), it has reached what may be described as a mass liberal following. I have not seen in *PM*'s columns any indication that it has ever attempted to put a dent in the circulations of the more formalized, traditional newspapers.

If *PM* is not, strictly speaking, a newspaper, nevertheless it gives plenty of attention to daily journalism. It enjoys supporting Walter Winchell in his feuds with other news services, attacking such an ignorant but powerful columnist as Boston's Bill Cunningham, or waging war on anti-Semitic advertisements, on Westbrook Pegler, and on the isolationist utterances of Hearst, McCormick, and the *Daily News*. And it has a constant eye out for infringements of freedom of the press. But its position is that of extramural, not intramural, critic.

Who make up the *PM* audience? Without access to a breakdown of circulation figures, the answer is hazardous. From internal evidence I should say that the majority are middle-class intellectuals. In spite of full and first-rate coverage of labor and its problems, the paper has not gained the support or the following among labor that one might expect. It has appealed deliberately and frequently to youth. It has actively pushed its promotion among men in the armed forces, and probably its most enthusiastic group of readers are college students. For a daily paper an extraordinary percentage of its circulation is outside New York City.

Granville Hicks recently paid his respects to the "*PM* mind." He was referring to Max Lerner and other editors and reporters of the paper, but I suspect that the term applies more truly to some of *PM*'s readers. How responsible is a paper for the character of its audience? For all I know, there are as many dogmatists among liberals as among other groups in the population, and in these days there are an unusual number of mentally footloose people who are seeking opinions other than their own by which they can live. *PM* has attracted and is likely to continue to attract its share of the bandwagon boys, but I suspect that however poisonous they may seem to the thinking liberal, no one should be unduly disturbed by them.

Yet the style and substance of a publication do have its effect on readers, and they are usually designed for a very specific effect. *PM*'s style is not easy to describe in a paragraph or two. It frequently joins a sober, documentary approach with a chummy, listen-brother-here-is-the-dope manner in a way which refuses to jell. The most violent effects are in the headlines. A heading which reads, "And Majority of Americans Say Amen" means nothing and is simply execrable journalism. "What'll Deal Get U.S.A.?" is illiterate. The manner gets worse when *PM* finds itself in the midst of one of its frequent campaigns against racism or isolationism. Here, for example, is the heading over several paragraphs from an official report connecting anti-Semitism with the Christian Front: "Look, Hoodlums, This Is What Anti-Semitism Means." At its best this sort of thing is plain exhibitionism.

These, of course, are among the worst examples, but the strain of chumminess in *PM* is fairly constant. I am not sure what it gets the paper, but I have a suspicion that somewhere back of it is a middle-class impression of how the proletariat communicates. It shows a strong trace of intellectual slumming. Presumably it sells newspapers.

More important is the substance of the news, and on this count *PM*'s score is frequently high if you take into consideration its methods of concentrating on particular news aspects and on playing news angles. Some of its best work is datelined from Washington. Its influence in Congress and in government administrative offices on this account is considerably greater than its circulation might seem to warrant. The stories of Milton Murray, Nathan Robertson, James Wechsler, and others of the Washington bureau are not only liberal but usually reliable and penetrating.

Foreign news does not always strike the same standard. The foreign news desk has been accused of occasional entanglement with Stalinist influences. When Russia recognizes a Badoglio, for example, comment is not called for in similar vein or even in a comparative ratio as when America plays ball with him.

The effect of any such bias is exaggerated by *PM*'s method of playing the news. A subject which the editors deem particularly important will be treated from a number of angles and the stories about it may cover as many as four or five pages. Furthermore, when the subject turns into a crusade or a continuous story this type of news coverage may continue for several days on end. The effect is to drive out the more regular dispatches. The paper has at its command the work of a number of first-rate foreign correspondents, but during a domestic crusade (more frequent than foreign crusades) their news from abroad can virtually disappear from its pages.

In the first six weeks of the San Francisco Conference most *PM* dispatches were heavily loaded with prognostication, explanation, or apologetics about Russia and its foreign relationships. These were very important but dispatches about them were hardly a substitute for a general picture of what was going on or an elucidation of all the issues. Bad luck or bad management may have had something to do with the result, for the conference turned out to be a journalist's nightmare all around. The *PM* reader's dilemma was made worse, however, by the fact that dispatches from abroad, except for news of the military and of the horrors of the German concentration camps, seemed virtually suspended for the period.

The paper's chief stock in trade is the background story. The form is not exactly unique. You have sometimes seen a traditional example in your regular newspaper flanking or placed subordinate to a straight news

story. *PM* changes the technique by usually dropping the straight news and sometimes printing two or more background stories together. The difficulty with the background story is that it easily degenerates into a think piece or an "attitude" story, and attitudes need constant checking with the facts. You can, for example, write a certain kind of background story about a foreign country without leaving the United States. You simply interview a political friend of a political friend of yours who has visited the foreign country or who has lived there. In order not to make mistakes, however, you should have lived in the country yourself recently.

A sound background story is usually more difficult to write than straight news. It takes more time, more patience, more intelligence or knowledge, and it takes research. First-rate stories of this kind have appeared in *PM* but not too frequently. A good example, interestingly enough cast in editorial form, is the series of three (May 31—June 3) by Irving Brant on the Polish-Russian-British-American tangle. They exhibited obvious effort, and so closely written and so complex were they that considerable time and effort were demanded of the reader. (They would not have been improved, incidentally, if they had been headed, "Here, Russophiles, Is Your Aspirin.")

I do not want to seem unduly carping about *PM*. Such a running series of stories as the reports of the TNEC hearings on insurance in 1941 was a masterpiece of the sort of thing which has been too frequently ignored in the traditional daily press. No one else has done so much recently to bring needed changes in the Veterans Administration as *PM*'s Albert Deutsch. The paper has repeatedly fought for full employment and internationalism, attacked overt examples of racial discrimination, battled monopolies and cartels, and given labor responsible and intelligent coverage. It can be counted on to dig into specific violations or attempted violations of academic freedom and freedom of speech and press. This is very much to the good.

I should contend principally that *PM*'s field is narrower than many a sympathetic reader is willing to believe and that in spite of its success, it has never hit its full stride. That may be because it has given up whatever serious drive it ever made for objectivity. (What targets do you set your sights on if you eschew objectivity? I shall have more to say about this further on.) In any case, *PM* after five years must still be considered

an experiment, with all the questioning and inherent possibility which that term implies.

III

If any one staff member were to be selected as representative of the best in *PM,* I think the unanimous choice would be Max Lerner. His editorial opinions are published "untrammelled by any inhibitions" except his own, and so far as I have been able to discover, he has kept free of the inter-office battles and occasional tugs-of-war which are bound to happen on a newspaper so ideologically conscious and employee-ruled as *PM.* That he represents the paper so naturally and freely is a reflection of his essential rightness and fitness for his job.

Lerner has now issued a selection of his editorial work published between February 4, 1943 and November 15, 1944.[2] It raises a question of reviewing: is it to be looked upon in the reflected light of his earlier books or is it to be considered by itself on its merits as the work of an intelligent but frequently harassed newspaperman? To those acquainted with *It Is Later Than You Think* and *Ideas Are Weapons,* it may not be easy to follow Lerner into his editorial stance. In spite of recurring themes, the grouping together of similar material, and a flowing style, in this book he cannot hide his preoccupation with events of the moment, prevent a too clipped development of ideas, or give a clear and coherent editorial picture. The book is made up of bits and pieces as his earlier work, by and large, was not. To those acquainted chiefly with Lerner the professor this may seem an annoying weakness.

It is now fashionable to say that Lerner is no innovator of new ideas, with the notion implied that he is also no scholar and that his work cannot be taken too seriously. But one does not have to pile up footnotes, disappear into the fifteenth century, or discover the theory of relativity to qualify as a practitioner of research. There has always been a small group of professors and teachers who have sought to bridge the gap between the academic and journalistic worlds. Lerner is one of them. Question the young intellectuals, the young liberal experts in politics, law, and economics who know and read him, and they will point out flaws in his work. But the flaws will be principally in detail, for basically they admire him and look at him somewhat enviously. He is a professor who has made good,

[2] *Public Journal.* Viking Press. $3.

and if they have ambitions in influencing public opinion (and who among them has not?), they know he is doing the job they would like to be doing. In spite of impediments, some of the scholarship of earlier books has stuck to *Public Journal*. If you do not believe it, compare these pages with the sort of thing you find on the editorial page of the average newspaper.

The first part of the book, called "This Favored Land" (from the line in "Casey at the Bat"), is concerned with many aspects of American culture. Here Lerner writes on such topics as young love, the subway, a sensational trial, "school days," and Ernest Hemingway. On some of these subjects he is a bit provincial, on others like prize fights and basketball games in Madison Square Garden a little awkward and uncomfortable; on still others—movies, for example—he is superb. These pieces are not the most important in the book. But through them runs, for these times, a remarkable eclecticism and the omnivorousness of a man who has a strong aptitude for daily journalism.

The section has received brief pats on the head from critics who are primarily interested in the later political sections. Its significance may easily be lost. For these pieces and some others in the book are evidence of a kind of throwback to the days of personal journalism. Not since Horace Greeley, has any individual editorial writer representing his newspaper created so strong an impression.[3] (Columnists are said today to have taken the place of the old-time personal journalists, but those who are popular or influential do not write out of an affiliation with any one newspaper.) The success of *PM* and particularly of Lerner is surely part of a protest against impersonality and mechanization in the modern purveying of news.

But the substance of Lerner is his liberalism. How does he arrive at a specific decision? What are his standards? Nowhere do I find a full answer. But there are glimpses here and there in the book. One of them, because of its brevity I quote:

> To me, the main task in any problem in policy is not to discover what the "liberal" attitude should be. The main task is to see the problem whole, determine the values I am driving at, define the limits of possibility, and keep

[3]It will be remembered that Greeley, especially in pre-Civil War days, battled monopoly and wage slavery, fought for abolition and unions. He was the first president of the New York Printers' Union.

> my eye on the object. A policy is not right because it is liberal. A policy is liberal when it is right.

The second sentence is the one to consider here. Presumably most liberals would go along with keeping one's "eye on the object," and even "seeing the problem whole." Some, however, would spend little or no time defining "the limits of possibility," and they would also contend that "determining values" should be more emphasized in actual practice than Lerner emphasizes them.

Admittedly there is something of political opportunism in his position, and admittedly there are dangers in it. Elsewhere he has said that the "old liberalism subsisted in failure." As a practitioner of the new, he works on the now familiar premise that "politics is the art of the possible." He is conscious, I think, of assuming the role (insofar as there can be such a role) of a representative liberal. The "line" he follows is not straight but wavy—like the line of a seismograph recording the political tremors of world events.

Such a course is intellectually precarious but it hardly seems exceptional in an editorial writer thrust into the thick of things. It is measured to a world in which for many people screaming has become a normal tone of voice and party lines an accepted way of putting over ideas. This is not a time in which one may safely retire to cherish one's soul.

But the critics usually argue from specific cases. And what issue is more vital now than Russia? About the USSR Lerner is accounted by some to be too reticent. Against him is quoted such a sentence as this:

> Russia has broken what used to be the last bastion of the primitives—the myth that socialism is against human nature and that no collectivist society will work.

But he has also said what is not quoted so often:

> . . . there is also political suppression, the single-party system, the police state. . . . What is crucial is that Russians lack freedom of thought. . . . It is because of this lack of freedom that I have opposed the Russian social system, and opposed all who advocate it for America.

Furthermore, he has been applying neither silence nor balm to the policy of the American Communists. On the occasion of the latest shift of that policy, he remarked in an editorial too recent to be included in his book:

> The Communists' obvious sailing by the polestar of Russian foreign policy, and that alone, makes things terribly difficult for those who care deeply about Russian-American friendship, yet who insist on being independent of Russian

policy. Their moral cynicism corrupts the whole atmosphere within which each new generation of American youth grows up.

These remarks hardly seem uncritical. And although they are representative of the bits and pieces required by frequent editorializing, their general sense is clear. Lerner understands that if there is to be peace in the world Russia and America must learn to work together. The Russian state is no copybook model for anyone, but the fact of its socialism has great significance for every economy in the world including the American. And we cannot afford to let those who hate socialism prevent us from learning the truth about that socialism, nor must those who fear Russia (which even now is more familiar to us than the old Czarist state) keep us from co-operating vigorously for peace with the Soviet Union.

This is not the whole story, of course. I could wish for much more. What I have missed most recently in Lerner is some kind of an outline of an American program to be applied to Europe. Various forms of democratic socialism seem called for in the liberated countries. Russia can be counted on ideologically to encourage socialism. America should be encouraging and contributing some of the forms and practices of democracy. If a vigorous American policy of this kind were projected in detail and followed out, we should grow in respect for both ourselves and Russia. Europe would have more regard for us, and we should have less need, psychological and political, for that currently-requested "firmness with Russia," which is somewhat less than candid.

I do not find such a program or the suggestion for it in Lerner. But I do not find it, either, in the State Department, the AMG, or elsewhere. It may not come within Lerner's "possibilities," and certainly anything beyond the suggestion could not be squeezed into an editorial.

Lerner, I suspect, would be among the first to recognize the limitations of the bi-daily editorial. He must yearn occasionally for more time to think and to spend in research. But that is part of the price one pays for the privilege of immediate and repeated impact on public opinion. Who would suggest that at this point he give up that privilege?

IV

I have been trying to visualize something by Max Lerner on the editorial page of the *Chicago Sun*. The picture seems a little incongruous. Not that Lerner would clash violently in social attitude with his Chicago

colleagues. In one corner of the page the *Sun* alternates Samuel Grafton (of the *New York Post*) with Robert Lasch and others of its local staff; in an opposite corner Edgar Ansel Mowrer alternates with Kenesaw Mountain Landis II; and the two columns of unsigned editorials and the central cartoon, while not striking or bizarre, make for a powerful liberal attitude. But Lerner is pretty definitely oriented to New York; and more important, his work is addressed to a more compact, more "knowing" group of readers than the Chicago paper has ever striven for.

PM and the *Sun* are usually classed together simply as "Field publications." They share the services of some of the same foreign correspondents: Frederick Kuh, who in the past year has won two awards for his distinguished reporting; the veteran M. W. Fodor; Edd Johnson, Virginia Prewett, and others.[4] They share a similar social orientation—toward schools, trade unions, local and federal government, race relations, the war, full employment. But there are significant differences between the two. Those differences may be put this way:

The *Sun* is in a traditional journalistic form.

It competes with other newspapers on their own ground.

Most important, it strives for objectivity.

Marshall Field has had more to do with the growth of the *Sun* than with that of *PM*. Chicago is his home town. If he was to answer the challenge of Colonel McCormick and the *Tribune,* it seemed unlikely that he could do so successfully if the *Sun* was published in a dissimilar form.

He recognized that most people by habit or tradition, are today the prejudiced readers of a favorite newspaper more on the basis of its amusement features than of its news coverage or editorial opinion. In order to neutralize the pull of lavish amusements in the *Tribune,* the *Sun* built up its own daily page and Sunday section of comics (a job which took three years in the doing!), inaugurated a clever sports page, and instituted other traditional departments. Nor was the method of playing news stories completely revolutionized; for example, the front page usually carries two black banner headlines; and when a good murder story breaks, it usually goes on the front page too, although it is treated not in pyrotechnics but in vigorous, straight narrative form.

The *Sun* publishes advertisements. It could not compete with the thick, two-cent *Tribune* if it did not. Field says that some advertisers may

[4]All of them appear more frequently in the *Sun,* however, than in *PM*.

differ with the paper's editorial policies but indicates that their differences do not keep them from advertising—when the *Sun* has the space.

Against this traditional background, the *Sun* has struck at the *Tribune*'s monopoly. For the *Sun* the struggle has been long, sometimes bitter, and expensive. Its effort to gain access to the services of the Associated Press is well known. Although Hearst's *Chicago Herald-American* owned a second morning membership in the AP which it was using only once a week on Sunday, the private monopolistic by-laws of the news service let McCormick and a small minority of other AP members withhold its news privileges from the *Tribune*'s competitor. The Associated Press is not only the best morning news service available, it controls two important news picture services. In desperation Field filed a complaint with the Attorney General of the United States, and the antitrust case against AP was instituted—which only now after three years has been decided in favor of the *Sun*.

Other obstacles to the establishment of a new vigorous paper intervened. The Hearst International News Service was denied to the *Sun* because Chicago was already served by Hearst. Acme, a news picture service affiliated with the United Press, was under exclusive contract to the *Tribune,* and obtained a release only because, after the institution of the AP suit, McCormick indirectly "hoped to forestall the then threatened attack upon the Tribune Company's valuable interest as a member of the AP." McCormick's influence as a stockholder in the City News Bureau, a local news-gathering combine, barred the *Sun* from its service.

To oppose such a ring of restrictions and privilege, the *Sun* had the service of the United Press; a number of small news and picture services, mostly foreign; a city staff ready to do battle at the drop of a hat; plenty of editorial ingenuity, and plenty of money. With all due regard to ingenuity, it was the money, in the first desperate days, which paid off. In 1942 the paper paid out for news and feature services—exclusive of expenses and salaries for its local Chicago staff—more than $600,000. The major part of this cost, says Field, "could have been dispensed with if the *Sun* had been able to procure the services of AP, and the basic AP charge to each of two members in Chicago would be, I am informed, approximately $50,000 a year."

With what result?

Though the *Sun* has yet to become self-supporting, its place in Chicago daily journalism already seems assured. I take the following circulation figures of Chicago newspapers from Ayer's Directory for 1944:

	Daily Circulation	Sunday Circulation
Sun (morning)	329,441[5]	408,125
Times (evening)	425,672	455,126
News (evening)	426,646	
Herald-American (evening)	484,870	1,011,224
Tribune (morning)	964,778	1,339,368

It can be seen that the *Sun*'s circulation has far to go to equal the *Tribune*'s, yet it does not compare too unfavorably with that of the city's other newspapers. Severely handicapped by lack of newsprint, it should grow steadily once government paper controls are lifted.

It has become one of the most distinguished-looking newspapers in the nation. Last year it won the Ayer cup for excellence in typography, its photography won nine national awards, and two of its staff received the National Headliners Club award for outstanding work in the making of war and background maps.[6] Not to be outdone on the technical side, a cartoonist and two of its news correspondents in 1944 won half of the six national awards offered by Sigma Delta Chi. And Robert Lasch, editorial writer, ran off with first prize in the *Atlantic Monthly* contest for articles on "Freedom of the Press."

Yet its most distinguished characteristic went unrewarded. That characteristic was a striving for objectivity. When the *Sun* was launched in December, 1941, it published in other Chicago newspapers an advertisement setting forth its publishing policy. The statement read in part:

> A newspaper—any newspaper—can influence thought and action, sway public opinion. It can breed prejudice or nurture tolerance, instill fear or foster courage and understanding.
>
> Awareness of this power of the press imposes upon the publisher of any newspaper, particularly in these times, an obligation without parallel in the history of publishing. . . .
>
> This will be a completely objective newspaper—which simply means

[5]It is currently reported at over 350,000.

[6]Maps have also been a distinguished feature in *PM*.

> securing and presenting the facts as they are, unbiased by prejudice or temperament.
>
> This newspaper will bow frankly to the inviolate privilege of the citizen to make up his or her own mind, believing that the average American is fully capable of doing so, if given the facts and the news of the day.
>
> Editorially, this newspaper will be independent, progressive, liberal. . . .

What did these words mean? Were they just a come-on for people who might be tired of the *Tribune?* How could a newspaper be both objective and liberal?

There can be no absolute, God-given objectivity, of course—a truth which has helped to make for great confusion about the term in the public mind. Modern psychology, examining the modern, technological multiplication of "facts" and greatly adding to its own body of knowledge, places heavy emphasis on the process of selectivity. I have had objectivity defined to me as "the presentation of an ideology with which you agree, complete in its coverage, following canons of good taste, and using a method free of rancor or bitterness."

That definition may not be too dissimilar to the meaning put into the word by a newspaperman, but at least it would have to be turned around before the newspaperman could use it. "Objectivity," which for good or ill he insists on using as a term, would probably include skill, breadth of coverage, ethics, and fairness. "Good taste" might not mean much to him, and "ideology" would be too strong a word for the social orientation and background he brings to his work. Furthermore, once he is on the job, that social orientation is quite as likely to be influenced by what he is reporting upon as the reverse—witness Leland Stowe, Edgar Snow, and others.

A popular shorthand definition of objectivity has been "giving both sides of a question." As applied to newspapers, this could mean that every time a federal agency issued a public directive the critics of the new policy should be given as much space as the agency itself; or that a labor union has automatically received fair and objective treatment when statements by officials of both union and corporation are given equal space during a strike. In practice, of course, many a newspaper has not even reached the thin line drawn by this insensitive, letter-of-the-law theory.

But objectivity is not something created in a vacuum. Part of the trouble in its use has been its mistaken orientation. You might say that an objectivity oriented to 1929 or to the *status quo,* to the idea, for example,

of private enterprise first, last, and forever is no objectivity at all. But it may be better to create a new term, say "functional objectivity," to indicate that the term and the activity it stands for must be kept up to date and be constantly reappraised. The world we live in is one of social change, and objectivity is of no use and has no foundation if it does not take that fact into consideration.

The experience of the *Sun* would indicate as much. In June, 1944 it published a "Platform for Postwar America." I should like to quote it in full but perhaps it will be enough briefly and baldly to paraphrase it:

> 1. Broad and comprehensive social insurance. Tax and wage policies to raise living standards and purchasing power of low-income groups. Planned and timed public investment to offset cyclical fluctuations in employment.
>
> 2. Public protection of consumers and small business from the unrestrained ambitions of big business. Where competition best serves the public welfare, consistent regulation or abolition of monopolistic practices. In areas of national monopoly, strong government regulation, and where that fails to protect the public, public ownership and operation.
>
> 3. Public enterprise: to provide basic utility services; to develop and conserve resources which belong of right to the people; to make available decent, modern housing; to serve minimum standards of nutrition and medical care.
>
> 4. Full utilization of all our resources through encouragement of: collective bargaining, coupled with labor's responsibility to foster maximum production; agricultural co-operation; consumers' co-ooperation.
>
> 5. Full democratic rights and responsibilities for all without racial or economic qualifications.
>
> 6. Progressive reduction of barriers to world trade; participation in efforts to "develop" backward areas; greater production and just distribution of world goods—all within a strong world peace organization.

Can you pursue a program like this with fairness or objectivity? Certainly. In fact, if you pursue it after throwing objectivity out the window, you run very definite risks. You run the risk of being guided eventually by whim or of slipping into an ideological strait jacket. You run the risk of promoting one part of the program at the expense of another part. You run the risk of a fixation on those you conceive to be your opponents, and letting them broach the issues and call the tunes while you frantically only provide the discords. You run the risk of constant or intermittent hysteria.

Objectivity is not something a reporter reaches once and for all. It is often elusive and at times can make enormous personal demands on the

individual. A correspondent in Europe, hedged about by censorship and frustrated by restrictions of movement, will not always remain cool and collected. But he will still remember, when he gets a news opportunity, that there is no substitute for coolness and fairness. It is the effort which counts. As for the *Sun,* the essential factor is the knowledge by its reporters that objectivity is expected of them.

You can find something of the *Sun*'s effort at objectivity in Thomas Reynolds' full, rounded stories of the San Francisco Conference. You can find it in Ruth Moore's consumer-oriented stories of the OPA. You get it particularly in the way the *Sun* handles its crusades or "series" stories. Day after day the reporters assigned to a series on Negro housing, local schools, European censorship pour on the facts. Those facts are sifted, of course, but in a way to lend confidence in the fairness of their presentation and truth.

A good example was a recent series on some Mexican railroad workers stationed near Chicago. The Mexicans were certain that they were being cheated since they had not received at the end of each month the amount they had been promised or anything close to it. Here was a story, full of charges and counter-charges and made for a roaring crusade. But the reporter was accompanied from the city by a Catholic priest who knew their language and their background. The priest spent hours questioning the men and examining their pay cards and the commissary books. It turned out that the Mexicans were forgetful, that they had frequently asked for advances for candy, tobacco, knicknacks, and had then forgotten about them.

The story didn't end there, however. The men suffered for want of recreation and medical care. The lack of an interpreter made for ill feeling and misunderstanding between them and the camp officials. And the food was not only unfamiliar to the Mexicans (a source of much discontent) but some of it was bad; the reporter himself sniffed it and found himself unable to eat it.

Thus the story became not so much a crusade as what the *Sun* called it, "A Problem for Good Neighbors." It is this sort of treatment, providing the adult reader the human, social facts he wants to know, which gives the paper not only a valid claim to objectivity but much of its strength and appeal.

What is the future of the two patterns of Field journalism? I suspect that when *PM* was made, the mold was broken. The paper already has a broad geographical distribution, and it is doubtful that a similar publication could succeed anywhere else in the country with the possible exception of San Francisco. Further, it has profited much by being unique.

The pattern of the *Sun*, on the other hand, could probably be repeated successfully with small variation in a number of cities. Mr. Field has already been petitioned by more than one liberal citizen to bring an example of the new journalism to *his* town. Field is interested now in radio, pocket books, rural and small town journalism. But when the *Sun* can impose a newly acquired Associated Press service upon an adequate supply of newsprint and the Sun as a problem is off his mind, perhaps he will see to the job. There could be no more exciting prospect on daily journalism's horizon.

RELIGION AND POWER

By HEINZ EULAU

At the outbreak of the second world war in 1939, just as twenty-five years earlier in 1914, organized Christianity everywhere, with the exception of a few individuals, gave its blessing to the combatants on either side of the conflict. The strictly ethical but impracticable maxim of "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" gave way once more to the equally Biblical if more realistic rule of "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

If Christianity did not have political pretensions, its moral and practical failure to prevent the new holocaust could hardly be made a subject of social analysis. But with regard to war, for instance, Christianity claims that universal acceptance of its politico-ethical system would bring peace on earth. In reality, however, organized Christianity throughout the world found itself in 1939, as often before, safely on the side of and not, as one might expect, in rebellion against the existing power structure of society.

It is difficult to determine the reason for this failure. A cynical historian could readily give a cynical answer. But it is worth while to ask whether there is not something inherent in the ethics of Christianity which forces its institutional apparatus to ally itself with power in particular historical situations. It is of the most timely interest, therefore, that a layman, a social scientist, recently undertook an examination of the Christian politico-ethical system from the vantage ground of his profession. Professor Frank H. Knight of the University of Chicago, an economist not unacquainted with the field of ethics, has published an essay which touches directly on the problem of the relationship between religion and power.[1]

II

A preliminary question is called for. Why has power, considered today the most useful working concept of social analysis, been so rarely applied to the political ethics of Christianity? The reason is deeply rooted

[1]See Frank H. Knight and Thornton W. Merriam, *The Economic Order and Religion* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1945), pp. 13-126.

in the history of religion. For the validity of the continuance of organized religion in society is that its insights, derived from the past—whence, the Christian belief is, all insights are derived—commend themselves to the present experience of humanity.

If the relationship between religious and historical experience were a rational process, little could be said against the reliance of religion on historical experience. But it is not. In primitive society power and religion are not differentiated. It is the function of religion to enforce conformity to tribal custom, i.e. the prevailing system of power relations. And as long as it is the function of religion to sanction the existing social order, the later dualism of the given secular power situation in society (State) and the religious system (Church) is impossible. Whether or not it *should* be the role of religion to support the prevailing power system, is a question of preference not relevant in this connection.

Historically, then, as Professor Knight points out, "only under despotic governments, with real power in the hands of a political tyranny, and with religion in a supporting role, has any people been able to establish a combination of ordered unity and adaptability on a scale sufficient for a high civilization in the various aspects of technology, art and literature, and intellectual life." Vice versa, of course, in order to become institutionalized as well as to harvest the benefits of such institutionalization, religion, as in primitive society, must accept the existing social order. If in primitive society the identity of power and religion is *natural* in the literal meaning of that word, in post-primitive despotic society this identity, although still natural in the same sense, is also politically advantageous. Although it is true that Christian ethics is not intrinsically committed to any one scheme of politics, Knight concludes correctly that "we can hardly imagine a fundamentally new religion coming into existence in liberal democratic society, apart from its transformation into an authoritarian form."

Applied to a modern situation, this consideration is relevant to the religious problem under Nazism. Both the Catholic and Protestant Churches, with the exception of some Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, supported the Nazi regime. But the debate concerning the merits or demerits of this action has been sterile because it was carried on for the wrong reasons. Both Churches were threatened by the attempt of Nazism to establish a new religion. Both were confronted with the

alternative of disestablishment or acceptance of the Nazi order. Of course, it was not simply a matter of sympathy for the authoritarian social system as such. That both Churches discredited themselves as a result of their acceptance of the secular power situation is incidental. What is important is that both Churches, excepting individuals who preferred the concentration camp, behaved exactly as their historical antecedents in primitive and post-primitive society would have behaved. In other words, they acted *as if* the distinction between power and religion *could not* exist in modern society.

The historical identity of religion and power, in primitive society as much as in the modern authoritarian state, squarely highlights the dilemma of the Catholic liberals—men like Jacques Maritain in France, Luigi Sturzo in Italy, Christopher Dawson in England, or Francis MacMahon in the United States. Disapproving of their Church's participation in politics on the side of conservatism, reaction or fascism, they argue that the Pope is infallible only in matters of morals and faith, but not of politics, and that the faithful need not accept his authority in the latter. To a certain extent this intellectual position was translated into reality by those members of the lower clergy who sided with the Loyalists in the Spanish civil war or exchanged the pulpit for the concentration camp in Nazi Germany. But what the liberal Catholic overlooks is that the distinction between morals and politics is tenuous when it comes to practical application and that, given the difficulty of distinction, the theory of the Pope's infallibility in matters of morals and faith can be kept apart from politics only in a liberal democratic society.

The Protestant liberal is in very much the same boat. He argues that the Church has the right under whatever scheme of power relationships it finds itself, of judging that scheme in terms of its ethical principles, as to whether the power scheme is used responsibly. He argues that the religious perspective on the question of power is not in terms of those political ends from which the Church might benefit as an institution, but rather whether the power which is used in the political order is used properly. His dilemma appears when the propriety of the use of power is at issue, as in the fascist system. To solve this dilemma he falls back on the Biblical maxim which is to guide religious conduct. One can render unto Caesar his due, i.e. one can live within the existing political order and accept it, the liberal Protestant points out, *up to* the point where it

clashes with one's due to God, but where it makes excessive claims, as under Nazism, it is the duty of the Church to criticize the irresponsible use of power. This may be splendid ethics, but from a practical point of view it is merely begging the question to say that under Nazism the Protestant Church, for instance, never accepted the authoritarian order *uncritically*. The point, of course, is that it did submit to Nazism, and whether it did so critically or uncritically is quite irrelevant to the basic question.

This dilemma, shared by Catholic and Protestant liberals alike, is not a new one. It was faced by the Church itself when it came into its own during the Middle Ages. By the time of the decline of the Roman Empire which had made possible the institutionalization of Christianity by making it the state religion, the Church had grown into a strictly hierarchical and autocratic organization. It fell heir, willy-nilly, to political power in the emerging feudal system. The maxim of "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's," could not do any longer. The need for doctrinal change, caused by the distinction between the "higher way" of the clergy and the "lower way" of the laity, was solved by the development of a dualistic ethics with two different sets of principles: the counsels of perfection for the former, and the precepts of guidance for the latter. The counsels of perfection remained essentially in accord with the literal teachings of the Gospels, while the precepts of guidance, in the words of Knight, "embodied a code of utilitarian expediency based on the customary morality, which assumed a society organized on the principle of status."

Significant, then, is the new dichotomy between two sets of doctrine, very much the same as the contemporary distinction between Papal pronouncements on morals and faith, on the one hand, and politics, on the other, or the Protestant's dilemma of having to distinguish between critical and uncritical acceptance of the political order.

III

The next step in the evolution of the distinction between morals and politics came in the wake of the emerging modern nation state. The reformers soon discovered that, if their movement was to escape extermination as a heresy, they had to get the backing of political power. On the other hand, the monarch in his struggle with the remnants of feudalism,

recognized the need of having religious sanction for his claim to absolute authority. The principle of *cuius regio, eius religio,* assuming control of the secular power over religion, was a practical power-politics formula which suited the needs of both the political and ecclestiastical forces seeking supremacy in a changing society. Its most blatant application was the notorious declaration of Henry IV, Calvinist King of France, that *Paris vaut bien une messe.* His conflict with the Catholics of Paris seemed unsoluble unless he joined the Catholic Church. Both Church and State not only acknowledged the reality of power, but acted accordingly without even attempting to disguise their cynical behavior.

This cynicism in the relations between secular and ecclesiastical power has persisted to this day, even though, as Knight mentions, the new politico-ecclesiastical absolutism was in many respects retrogressive in view of the simultaneous trend toward individual liberty. In all the subsequent revolutions both the "old" (Catholic) and the "new" (Protestant) Churches, Knight concludes, "remained fundamentally reactionary. Religion opposed tooth and nail every phase of what we now view as progress, particularly intellectual advance." Naturally, the clergy of any denomination is anxious to prove that many modern reforms—democratic theory, freedom of worship, penal reforms, anti-slavery ideas—were inspired by Christian ethics. This may well be true, but it is equally true that without the terrific impact of the Enlightenment and modern rationalism on Christianity, Christian ethics would probably have continued its thousand-year-old slumber. Moreover, from the point of view that tries to understand the relationship between religion and power in modern society, the overthrow of the absolute monarchical regime simply meant that religion, once again willy-nilly, was left floating and ultimately had to adjust itself, just as in the transition period from antiquity to the Middle Ages, to the new secular order of things.

But the social order of modern times was radically different from that of the Middle Ages. It was characterized by such variety in political forms that any religious pronouncement could turn out to be a liability as far as the position of organized religion as a power factor in a now highly heterogeneous and pluralistic society was concerned. For this reason the theoretical distinction—in itself politically motivated—between things that are Caesar's and things that are God's was firmly drawn to protect religion from possible interference by the State. With the separation of

State and Church, enforced and welcomed by liberalism, the fiction that the Churches are not a power factor in the secular order became their protective mantle in modern democratic society.

In reality, of course, as Knight points out, religion still sanctioned whatever was politically established, even conquest and slavery. As soon as any issue in politics or economics became openly controversial, he writes, "Christianity was used as an argument on both sides with equal assurance. . . . The modern economic order of free enterprise and market competition has been Christian to those who favored and un-Christian to those who opposed it. . . . Democracy, as a political system, once established, became the only Christian form of government, just as absolute monarchy was the only form in pre-revolutionary France and England, and as feudalism had been a little while before." In liberal society, therefore, just as in primitive society, a practical distinction between religion and politics is impossible.

But the separation of State and Church, unwillingly accepted by the firmly established churches of the Catholic, Anglican, and Calvinist faiths (men like William Penn and Roger Williams are rare exceptions), was possible only so long as the liberal state guaranteed freedom of religious worship. With the rise of modern totalitarianism, both the nihilist fascist and the basically humanist communist, the Churches were again confronted with the need of taking a position with respect to power. Political aloofness became a practical impossibility. Wherever they were persecuted, they took an active stand against the existing order. The Papal Encyclical *Firmissimam Constantiam* of March 28, 1937, on the religious situation in Mexico, for instance, revealed quite clearly the dilemma of the Catholic Church:

> You have more than once reminded your flock that the Church promotes peace and order even at the cost of great sacrifices to herself, and that she condemns every unjust rebellion or act of violence against properly constituted civil power. On the other hand, you have also affirmed that if the case arose where the civil power should so trample on justice and truth as to destroy even the very foundations of authority, there would appear no reason to condemn citizens for uniting to defend the nation and themselves by lawful and appropriate means against those who make use of the power of the State to drag the nation to ruin.

In other words, the Papal Encyclical actually gave the green light to the clerico-fascist elements in Mexico intent on overthrowing the country's

revolutionary, anti-clerical regime because its continuance threatened the power of the Church not as a religion—the regime sought the effective separation of State and Church—but as a powerful social institution.

On a more positive level, the Church appears as a defender of liberty. Quite recently, for instance, Russia's newly-established Orthodox Church —in Czarist times violently opposed to separation—accused its ancient rival, the Catholic Church, of trying to absolve Hitler Germany from responsibility for the abominable deeds she had committed in the war. In reply, an authorized Catholic paper minced no words, saying that "the Church of Rome in Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Balkans represents freedom of the spirit. It represents an obstacle to dictatorship."

The accusation, therefore, that the Catholic Church always sides with reactionary and fascist forces is a half-truth. It sides with them only when they do not endanger the power of the Church as a social institution. A liberal regime, if it tolerates the Church, is equally acceptable. This explains, for instance, the recent Papal pledge in favor of the world labor cause and socialization if circumstances warrant it. The reason for the pledge probably is the outspokenly antifascist and progressive attitude adopted by the popular Catholic parties in the liberated countries of Europe. The same sort of reasoning may well lead to a resumption of relations between the Kremlin and the Vatican. For Roman Catholicism is now the third largest denomination in the Soviet Union. The suspension of religious persecution in Russia has opened the door to the Catholic Church which is naturally interested in maintaining contact with Catholics in the USSR.

IV

Criticism of the Catholic Church as a religious institution participating in the social struggle for power should be directed, therefore, not at its support of fascism, but at its support of any such regime which, whatever its political coloration, has the dubious attribute of not interfering with the Church as a social force. However, its insistence on not being judged by the standard of power, applicable to other social organizations, actually makes institutionalized religion more vulnerable to precisely that kind of condemnation which it seeks to forestall by setting up the duality of morals versus politics. If the Catholic Church, for instance, did not deny its power interests in society and were willing to submit itself to the same type of criticism as is usually applied to governments and other social

groups, it could hardly be singled out and blamed more than others for the failure to prevent war.

In fact, the Church of any denomination operates in very much the same way as any other social group, only with the difference that it *claims* to act "morally" in its efforts to solve social problems. It is quite correct that Knight should attack the notion of "moralism," the idea that goodness alone can overcome what are essentially secular difficulties. But even if the standard of "moralism" is used in the evaluation of religion's role in secular affairs, the failure of Christianity is blatant.

The weakness of the Christian religion in dealing with current social problems such as war is due to the existence today of quite different types of social order and ideals from those which gave rise to Biblical cosmology. Because religion sanctions *established* morality and law regardless of its ethical content as long as it does not interfere with institutionalized religion as a social force, Christian ethics, built on the Biblical cosmology, is necessarily confused and ineffective in modern society. Christianity seeks salvation through faith. While it has accepted modern science, to a greater or less degree (opposition to the theory of evolution is still widespread), reliance on divine will as a course of action has not been given up. And while the Churches have contributed to economic amelioration and social progress, ultimately passive acceptance of material conditions, obedience to established authority, and humaneness in personal relations make economics and politics a matter of indifference.

This explains why Christianity could not answer the question whether the present war is "good" or "bad," though from the rational democratic point of view it is, in addition to being an imperialist war, anti-fascist in character and hence "morally good." It is pointed out by religious apologists that the war is neither an unmixed "good" nor an unmixed "evil," and that, although the Churches remained preponderantly nonpacifist, they could maintain nevertheless that the waging of the war is "good" but certainly not without "evil." That this is the position of the Churches on both sides of the conflict, is conveniently overlooked. On the other hand, the conscientious objector, proceeding from the same ethical premises as established religion, comes to a quite different, and surely more consistent conclusion.

The history of Christianity proves that agreement in the textual interpretation of the Gospels, as Knight puts it, "seems to depend on authority

backed up by force, though force now takes in the main the form of indoctrination in unresisting infancy." In other words, in contemporary society Christianity is in itself a power factor. Force is ultimately necessary as sanction for the enforcement of religious teaching because love as a principle is without significance for effective social action. To love everything is practically identical with loving nothing. Hence the dilemma, which Knight correctly infers, that "when men take religion seriously, they incline either toward intolerance and fanaticism or toward a purely mystical, contemplative love of God." The unfortunate consequences of the first alternative are too well known to need particular mention. One need only think of the Inquisition in Spain or the abuses of Puritanism in this country. However, that these developments were not just incidents of "un-moralism," but manifestations of power considerations on the part of institutionalized religion, would be vehemently denied by the religious spokesman.

Faced with these alternatives flowing from the counsel of love, religion had to seek a compromise which it found in the life of "doing good," of humane acts, comforting the disconsolate and relieving suffering. But, Knight rightly objects, "the modern mind gives a higher rating to trained and competent service, medical, legal and social, effected through division of labor and motivated in the same complex way as other vocations conscientiously followed." Even in this connection, the Catholic Church, for instance, indulges in the politics of power, to wit, its continued objection to scientific birth-control. Non-Catholic doctors are frequently not permitted to give advice on birth-control to non-Catholics in Catholic-controlled hospitals. Allegedly a matter of morals, such action becomes political by directly affecting the civil rights of both non-Catholic practitioners and beneficiaries of birth-control.

Finally, however, not love but obedience is the main principle of original Christian social morality. As long as Christianity was not established, it is true, obedience was to God because such obedience sanctioned refusal to go to court, worship the emperor, bury the dead in public cemeteries and serve in the army. But once established, obedience was transferred to secular power, i.e. the acceptance of existing custom, law, and authority as the will of God, is dictated by "reason"—the intuitive knowledge of what is right and wrong, knowledge which man is assumed to possess by nature. Modern social science knows, of course, that this

so-called intuitive knowledge is primarily a cultural inheritance which differs in varying social contexts. If it were actually arrived at individually, Knight observes, "the natural result of hypostatizing or overexalting such reason is intolerance and war or insurrection."

The crux of the matter is, therefore, whether religion will accept a science of inter-personal relations even if it is contrary to Biblical cosmology. Christianity has accepted Copernican astronomy and is gradually accepting biological evolution. I venture to say that it will accept social scientific findings when a power situation arises in society where such acceptance may be necessary for the dynamic reason of keeping power.

The only explicit reference in the Gospels to politics (as the science of power in inter-personal relations) is the rule about giving tribute to Caesar. But the impossibility of distinguishing in practice between morals, i.e. that which is God's, and politics, i.e. that which is Caesar's, finds its practical test in precisely that single political rule of the Gospels which is said to make the distinction possible.

V

Politics is concerned with power over persons. Original Christian teaching in this respect was dualistic. On the one hand, Christian community life was to exclude all power relations (anarchism). On the other hand, an established legal and political system (the power situation) was taken for granted as was unquestioning obedience to the same. Consequently, a discrepancy between Christian preaching (faith, morals) and practice (politics) was inevitable, as pointed out, when the Churches—Roman Catholic, Anglican or Orthodox—representing now institutionalized Christianity, came into positions of authority and power.

This discrepancy is the theoretical basis of the accusation that religion is the opiate of the people. As Knight points out, the idea that "Christian social ideals are sound but impracticable is a fallacy, if not a subterfuge; a potently impracticable theory of conduct is a wrong theory, and if it has any practical effect, tends to create a cynical disregard of all moral obligations." Social responsibility implies passing judgments on other persons and exercising power over them. The Churches by disavowing power in theory, but manipulating it in practice, cannot establish a valid claim of being exempt from judgment in terms of those power criteria by which other social groups are held responsible for their conduct in society.

REPARATIONS IN A PATHOLOGICAL ECONOMY

By STEPHEN SPENSER

A GREAT DEAL of accumulated indignation that has been tossing about impatiently for these five years past will soon find an opportunity for exacting the retribution it has so long wanted, by demanding reparations of the Axis powers. In pondering this opportunity the victors will be confronted with a disturbing set of alternatives. Shall they demand reparations and thereby call down upon themselves a problem which after 1918 worked more bedevilment than any other, a problem in which all of the malignant tendencies of the postwar world seemed to come to a head? Or shall the United Nations, in seeking to avoid such consequences, release the Axis from any substantial obligation to restore some of the economic losses of the war? It would appear that these are the essential alternatives; yet they state the case only by implication. One is not wholly justified in thinking that the imposition of reparations will reproduce the melancholy state of affairs experienced by the generation just past. Conceivably reparations could be successful, just as it is conceivable that the world should never again be cursed by the business cycle. Rather more likely, however, is that reparations after this war will be even more troublesome than after the last. Given the state of economic affairs that prevailed throughout the world in 1939 and the aggravations laid on by the war, the problem is much more serious and laden with danger than ever before.

For reasons that are both obvious and complex, the receipt of reparations by a victorious nation is not an unmixed blessing. In a world tempered with a modicum of economic health and sanity, a reparations-receiving country would rather welcome the importation of quantities of free goods, just as a family that has endured a terrifying experience would welcome some compensation for its misfortunes. Again, in such a world the defeated nation by paying reparations would be held responsible for its iniquity and the victors would recapture some of the losses of the war.

That this ideal image has but a feeble reflection in reality is indicated by the course of international trade after the last war and by the frenetic

history of intergovernmental financial operations, in which reparations were one of the two concerns, the other being inter-Allied debts. After almost a century of regarding international exchange without serious suspicions, the world revived the mercantilist mysteries whereby a nation's material salvation is supposedly dependent on the quantity of goods it gives away, its welfare growing in proportion to ever greater exports and fewer and fewer imports. If only one nation is so afflicted, the rest of the world may prosper by its misguided generosity, but when the virus is universal—when every important nation insists upon giving away a substantial portion of its exports and, of course, curtails its imports—the trade of the world is so constricted that any exchange becomes a supreme effort. If such practices were carried to their logical end after this war, the United Nations would *pay* reparations *to* Germany and Japan, and the former would thrive as the latter would languish. How such a state of affairs might come to pass may be seen first by inquiring into the history of reparations after World War I.

II

The Treaty of Versailles established the legal basis of reparations from the Central Powers but left to a commission the determination of the exact amount. The defeated nations—primarily Germany—were held responsible for all civilian damages resulting from the war, for the losses incurred through the maltreatment of prisoners, for war pensions, and for the destruction of nonmilitary property. Early in 1921, the Allied and Associated Nations submitted to the Reparations Commission total claims of 225 billion gold marks, or about $56.25 billion. By the Paris Decisions of the same year, German obligations were fixed at M226 billion which were to be paid in forty-two annual instalments, each equal to approximately twelve per cent of Germany's exports. A few months later, the London Conference was held, and Germany's obligations were reduced to a present value of M132 billion, which was to be redeemed in annuities of M2 billion plus an amount equal to twenty-six per cent of its exports. At this conference, the famous London Ultimatum was delivered, by which Germany was told that if its obligations were not honored the Ruhr would be occupied by French and Belgian troops. There followed further defaults and further negotiations, culminating in the occupation of the Ruhr in 1923.

However such action may have been justified under the terms of the treaty, the results were precisely the opposite of those desired. With the most productive area of its economy truncated, Germany's ability to pay was reduced virtually to zero. The economic disorder and political instability that quickly followed produced a flight from the mark, and within a few months it was worthless. When the monetary system of Germany was finally stabilized, the first money issued during the inflationary period was redeemable with the new currency at a ratio of one billion to one.

The disastrous economic consequences of the occupation were soon realized and appreciated, even by the French at whose insistence it was initiated, and a committee of experts was assembled under the chairmanship of Charles G. Dawes to reconstitute the entire system of reparation payments. The committee, which produced the Dawes Plan, had to consider the entire economic problem of Germany as a prerequisite to devising a workable scheme of payments, and its recommendations embraced much more than the problem of reparations per se. The committee strongly urged that political considerations be adapted to the economic data of the problem and that the debt be appraised in relation to Germany's capacity to pay and to its creditor's willingness to accept payment. It reiterated what should have been a truism: Germany's ability to meet its obligations was dependent upon its securing an export surplus, and the foreign currency in which (in practice) payments had to be made could be obtained to the extent that Germany sold more to its creditors (or to those to whom its creditors were in debt) than it bought from them.

By reorganizing the Reichsbank and giving it exclusive power of note issue and by balancing the total budget, the Dawes Plan stabilized for the while German finances. It placed safeguards on the value of the mark by instituting a Transfer Committee which supervised the actual making of payments in such a way as to prevent a depreciation of the foreign value of the currency. The total of reparations for which Germany was to be held accountable was left to be determined at a later date when the efficacy of the plan should have been disclosed, but standard payments were fixed at M2.5 billion annually, beginning in 1929 with smaller annual payments in the interim. (The standard year payments of the Dawes Plan were not sufficient even to cover the interest on Germany's aggregate liability as imputed by the treaty.) As security, a lien was placed on German taxes,

railways, and industry. The first year's payment, that for 1924, was made possible by an M800 million loan which was obtained for Germany under the auspices of the committee.

In the four, rather prosperous, years after 1924 the Dawes Plan worked so well that by 1928 a new committee was instituted—under Owen D. Young—to establish the total amount of Germany's obligations and to remove some of the complex machinery which had been created by the earlier plan and which was no longer considered necessary. The Young Plan fixed total reparations at M121 billion to be paid over 59 years ending in 1988. Germany made immediate payment of a portion of this amount by turning over to its creditors the proceeds from the sale of bonds issued for the purpose. The Reparations Commission was abolished, and in place of the Transfer Committee the Bank of International Settlements was founded at Basle.

But the Young Plan had hardly begun operation when the world was struck by the great depression, bringing to an end the international lending that had sustained economic order for the preceding decade. The collapse of the Kredit-Anstalt of Austria, which was heavily indebted to Germany, evoked a run on German liquid assets, forcing a suspension of payments, including those on reparation account; the suspension was upheld by the Hoover moratorium of 1931. The following year the powers met at Lausanne to reconsider the entire problem of intergovernmental indebtedness. Reparations were reduced to the token amount of M3 billion, or about one one-hundredth of the original estimate of Germany's liability for the losses of the war. The agreement was never ratified, however, for it was contingent upon a reduction of inter-Allied debts, a reduction that could not obtain the consent of the United States. After the failure of the Lausanne Conference the problem of reparations was never again seriously considered; and German payments ceased.

The difficulty experienced by Germany and its creditors was one result of the recrudescence of nationalism, which rapidly gathered force after the war and burst forth rampant in the '30's. Whatever may have been Germany's intentions about honoring its debt, it was effectively prevented by its creditors from making payment. Instead of receiving Germany's exports, its creditors took measures to exclude them and all the while made efforts to facilitate an increase in its imports.

The trade policy following the war was the kind that might have been followed had the Allies been defeated and been required to pay reparations to Germany. It was quite the opposite of what was necessary if Germany was to pay. In those years in which reparations were made with least friction—between 1924 and 1931—the success of the plans for payment was extremely fictitious. Germany paid in that period M11.1 billion on reparations account, but in the same years borrowed M18 billion, largely on private account—which means that it received M6.9 billion more from foreign countries than it paid to them. There is little mystery, then, why the plans of Messrs. Dawes and Young "worked" so well: the former Allied countries made transfers to Germany. In all some fifty per cent more was loaned to Germany than it paid on reparation account.

III

That the course of reparations after 1918 reveals no great appreciation of the economic conditions of a settlement is an observation that at this date is so obvious as to be almost an act of supererogation. The various committees of experts that periodically assembled issued programs of settlement that were extremely reasonable, but in their very reasonableness was the cause of their failure. The experts' recommendations were continually shattered by trade policies that ran counter to the necessities of settlement.

These necessities are not at all abstruse. In the modern world there is only one way in which reparations can be paid—by the transfer of goods and services from the defeated to the victorious nations. In terms of the mechanics of the transfer, the paying country must first tax or borrow from its citizens (or foreigners) the amount of annual payments. But this is only a preliminary step, for the moneys so raised must be converted to the currencies of the receiving countries. This conversion can be made only if the creditor countries want the currency of the debtor countries in order to buy goods from the latter, or it can be made multilaterally by the debtor countries obtaining a favorable balance of trade with respect to third countries and the creditor countries importing more from these third countries than they export to them.

International borrowing to meet reparation payments and the eventual repayment of the loans with exports is a case of multilateral settlement. All such cases complicate the mechanics of payment without altering the

underlying real transfer of goods and services. Assuming a willingness to buy, the creditor countries will obtain goods from exporters of the paying countries. The monetary claims against these goods will then be taken up by the governments of the paying countries, which will compensate their exporters in domestic currency obtained from taxation or borrowing. The claims are then given over to the receiving governments which may use them to reduce taxes or increase expenditures.

The transfer need not, however, be made in this cash form but in kind; that is, the debtor countries may be permitted or required to ship annually to the creditor countries, a quantity of goods and services of a certain value. Germany, for example, turned over to the Allies after 1918 large amounts of industrial equipment, made annual shipments of coal, and sent German workers to restore the devastated areas of France. The merits of reparations in cash or kind have been the subject of considerable discussion and will continue to be, but it can be said that whatever may be the ideal advantage which cash payments offer, by giving the paying nation greater latitude and by creating fewer technological problems, in this not quite ideal world they tend to obscure the real nature of the transfer and suffer in contrast to payments in kind which by removing the monetary veil disclose the brute facts of the case—that reparations must and can only be paid in real things.

Whether the payments are made in cash or kind, however, the primary consequences (on real income, *i.e.*) are the same. The receiving countries obtain free of cost that portion of their annual imports which is equal in value to reparation payments for a given year, and, other things remaining the same, the victorious nations will be the richer and the defeated nations the poorer by the amount of the transfer. (If theoretical rigor were desired, this description of consequences would have to be refined on two points. If the paying countries are much poorer than the receiving countries the loss occasioned by a given amount of reparations will be greater than the gain by reason of the diminishing value of an increment of income. Secondly, if cash payments involve changes in the quantity of money, or in its rate of use, they will produce a different kind of an effect on the price levels of the creditor and debtor countries than will payments in kind.)

That reparations after the last war became to the victorious nations a burden rather than a bounty is attributable to the faulty pricing mech-

anism that was characteristic of all of the economically important countries of the world. If the markets for consumers goods and services and factors of production were substantially competitive—or, alternatively, were successfully controlled—an influx of free goods would work only to the benefit of a nation. The receipt of such imports would reduce the relative prices of competing commodities domestically produced and of the factors which produced them. The decreased returns experienced by certain domestic industries would tend to effect a reallocation of resources from the production of commodities competing with imports to the production of those which did not.

In the absence of any increase in the supply of money or in its rate of use, the receipt of substantial amounts of imports on reparations account would produce a decrease in the level of all prices, the fall being the greater the greater were the amount of reparations. Relative prices would shift in favor of those industries not in competition with reparation-imports, the level of money incomes would remain unchanged, and the real value of these incomes would increase because of lower average prices. A single, pronounced disadvantage of reparations under these conditions would be that accruing to debtors in the receiving country, whose real obligations would increase as a consequence of falling prices. Substantial competition did not exist after the last war, however, and in this war it is rapidly disappearing from those areas were it did prevail. In consequence, the problem of reparations must be viewed in different terms—within the focus of monopolistic distortions.

IV

These distortions are a modern phenomenon only in the degree of their intensity. Except for Britain's free trade idyll in the nineteenth century, the nations of the world traditionally have been opposed to international exchange, for although they eagerly cultivated exports they have been averse to imports, without which exports are impossible; after 1918 that aversion became a phobia of pathological dimensions.

The case of France may be cited. Although the French held Germany beyond all measure responsible for the war and did not hesitate to demand reparations at the point of the gun, yet when German workers arrived in northern France to participate in the work of restoration, the French workers of the region complained that their wages were being reduced and their jobs being taken from them.

Or the case of Britain may be adduced. When Germany began to ship coal on reparations account to Italy and other Allied nations which formerly had imported coal from Great Britain, the British miners found their work falling away and their wages dwindling, and when they protested they initiated a series of events that culminated in the General Strike of 1926. The British government sought to improve matters by wresting from Italy a guarantee that the latter would buy several million tons of coal annually from Britain rather than receive the same amount free from Germany.

While citing cases, the behavior of the United States may be examined. Although the United States was not entitled to large reparations, it was the principal creditor on inter-Allied debt accounts and its commercial policy was pivotal in the whole problem of war settlement. By the tariff legislation of 1921 and 1922 it struck two blows in favor of restriction and against settlement and delivered the *coup de grâce* in 1930 in the form of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff, which contained some of the highest duties in history and provided an edifying example to the nations of Europe which were not long in establishing drastic restrictions of their own.

If there is any logical pattern in these and many other examples that could be offered, it must be sought either in the protection of special interests or in the resurgence of nationalism, the methods of both of which are often in harmony. If the French laborers and the British miners had been willing to seek other occupations and if other occupations had been open to them, and if a considerable degree of price flexibility had otherwise obtained in the economies of France and Britain, the receipt of reparations would not have been resisted but welcomed. And if America had been willing to increase its imports, and other nations as well which were in a net creditor position, a settlement of the debts of the war would have been realized. But there was no willingness. Various groups of producers sought and rather successfully achieved the protection of their specific interests. And by seeking to better their relative position vis-a-vis less well organized producers at home and in the world, they worsened the absolute position (*i.e.,* the real income) of everyone, including eventually their own. And the governments of the world, after gathering at many conferences at which were expressed innumerable elevated sentiments about

international co-operation and perpetual amity, went their several, national ways down the road that led to September 1, 1939.

V

If the problem of reparations after this war is to be surmised, there must be included among the probable difficulties not only the traditional aversion to imports but also the price rigidities that have been introduced into the economies of the world in the past fifteen years and particularly those that have developed in the course of the war. In the United States the trend toward more drastic monopolistic restraints among private enterprises was retarded before the war by the unexpected and rather anomalous outburst of trust-busting and by the negotiation of reciprocal trade agreements with other countries. But while business was somewhat checked, the monopolistic organization of the labor market proceeded at a rate unique in American history. At the present time there are more than 10,000,000 union members with wage scales and specific occupations to defend against the kind of changes that would inevitably ensue after the war were markets competitive. However much business monopolies were retarded before the war they have not been inhibited since 1940. The very nature of governmental control in wartime has favored organized, monopolized business, not because large organizations can produce at lower cost (most evidence is to the contrary) but simply because the government finds it easier to negotiate with a few large corporations and corporate groups than with a scattering of small concerns.

The prospective difficulties in Europe are even more troubling. In Britain, long the fortress of economic liberalism, there are evident yearnings for the kind of economic organization that existed in the Elizabethan age. Now that the British no longer have a comparative advantage in shipping and in the production of many finished goods, they are busily devising means of restricting their postwar trade. In seeking to protect their international financial position, they are driven to secure their industries against the competition of foreigners and their consumers against a lower cost of living. In France, it is the avowed objective of the De Gaulle government to control all foreign trade. The commercial policy which Russia will follow after the armistice is scarcely a matter of conjecture, for thoroughgoing control of the domestic economy and international exchange, except for a brief period in the early '20's, has been the practice

since the revolution. Other European nations and most of the countries of South America insist, as an inalienable right, upon controlling foreign trade.

Concomitant with the development of monopolistic restraints has grown a corpus of economic doctrine that to many of its adherents provides a justification for perverse economic behavior. This doctrine, which has found its most notable modern expression in the work of J. M. Keynes of Great Britain and that of Alvin Hansen in the United States, is concerned with the nature and consequences of long depressions and their tremendous masses of unemployed resources which during the '30's were not fully re-employed until the war began. The failure to achieve full employment in the recovery from the great depression has produced the belief that the economic system of the world has reached maturity, that the era of expanding capitalism is at an end.

The sources of this "stagnation" are to be found, the doctrine holds, in the declining opportunities for investment. In the past a rapidly increasing population and the development of backward areas of the world have offered fields of investment and have created a demand for savings, but now that the population of the industrial nations is either relatively stationary or increasing only at a negligible rate and since economically backward areas are not absorbing large amounts of capital, the opportunities for investment are dwindling away and with them the demand for savings. Unless, then, individuals and enterprises reduce the portion of their incomes saved and increase the portion spent, particularly on domestic products, hoarding will occur and bring in its wake a contraction of output and employment.

All of these factors have a direct bearing on the problem of reparations: the traditional aversion to imports, the pathologic form which this aversion took after 1930, the development of price rigidities and other monopolistic forms, and, finally, the rationalization of these tendencies in the doctrine of economic maturity. If the victorious nations are to exact indemnities from the Axis, they must increase their imports in order to receive payment. Yet an increase in imports would immediately evoke general opposition, because the peoples of industrial nations prefer to give (*i.e.*, export) rather than receive (import).

An increase in imports would elicit the specific opposition of many groups of producers whose vested interests would be threatened by an

influx of low-cost foreign commodities. (One can easily imagine the battle cries of the future: "Protect American—or British, French, Chinese, etc. —industry against cut-throat German and Japanese competition.") By the logic of the doctrine of economic maturity, an increase in imports would aggravate the tendency to oversaving, for it would tax markets already near saturation with a substantial increase in the quantity of goods offered for sale.

If the trend of economic behavior is in substantially the same direction after the war as before, these are some of the difficulties that can be expected from reparations. But they are not all. The obstacles surmised are only those that could be created by the reparations-receiving countries and they would be present only in those economies in which the determination of prices is not subject to co-ordination by a central governing body.

The problem of reparations is different for Russia than for the United States, because the anarchic price perversity of the American economy is not present in the economic organization of the Soviet Union where, although prices are fixed, they are determined with a design to maximizing aggregate incomes rather than the incomes of particular groups of producers. Whatever else may be said of it, a collectivist economy by laying bare the elemental objective of maximizing output from a limited quantity of resources, renders an understanding of economic mechanics much simpler. If Russia collects reparations, it will simply incorporate German goods and services into its economy and make the necessary adjustments by altering the details of its comprehensive plan. It has already spoken of importing some ten million German workers in order to restore scorched areas, as well as of dismantling a huge segment of German industry and of incorporating the capital equipment into its own economy. Should such intentions be realized, the government of the Soviet Union will not have to anticipate complaints and resistance from Russian producers whose vested interests are being endangered. The protection of special interests through the exertion of political pressures (*viz.*, the tariff) is a prerogative enjoyed only in those countries where individuals and groups may unburden themselves without contemplating prison or the firing squad.

Yet the receipt of reparations by a collectivism may not be free of adverse effects. It may be noted at once that the success of incorporating free imports into a controlled economy obviously depends on the success with which aggregate planning is conducted — something which the

Soviet Union has not invariably enjoyed. To put reparations to work, it must obtain goods in the proper proportions, for example, neither too much coal nor too little ore. Moreover, the Soviet planners must make changes throughout the entire economy in response to importations; otherwise the economy will not attain maximum efficiency. A second, and more important difficulty, is the probable reaction upon the Soviet economy of disturbances accruing in the comparatively uncontrolled economies from the receipt of reparations. As the Soviet Union is one element in a world economic system, it will experience the vicissitudes of this system, though of course in a different degree.

VI

When analyzed in terms of the defeated nations' capacity to pay, the reparations problem turns on a complex set of considerations of a moral, political, and economic character. The question which must be considered before all others is, for what are the defeated nations to make reparation, *i.e.*, what is the precise nature of their liability? The answer depends, of course, on the conception of their war guilt. Shall the Axis countries be held responsible for the full cost of the war, both economic and social, or (since the latter cannot be measured) shall they be held for the total economic cost? If so, for what portion shall they make reparation (because no nation or group of nations could ever pay the full economic cost within any meaningful period of time)? An important political question is, Which of the enemy and associated nations shall be required to pay reparations and what shall be the proportionate liability of each? Shall Rumania, which transferred its allegiance when confronted with defeat, be held as culpable as Germany, and shall Italy be viewed differently from Rumania? And what of the many European nations that were overrun by Germany and thereafter collaborated with it, either by necessity or choice?

Finally there are the economic and related questions. The amount of reparations which a nation can pay is determined by its capital stock, its labor supply, and its ability to organize the economy for the making of transfers. If the bombing of Germany's industrial areas has been as effective as reported, its capital stock has been drastically diminished. It will be again reduced if it is decided to dismantle its industrial areas in order to prevent an eventual resurgence of German power. Transfers of

industrial, agricultural, and transportation equipment may be credited against Germany's reparation debt but once transferred the revenue-producing power of this stock is exhausted; in this connection may be noted the difficulty of estimating the capitalized value of the transfers, which was a source of considerable friction between Germany and the Allies after the last war when the former set the value of transfers at M56.6 billion and the latter at M10.4 billion.

The labor supply of the defeated nations will, by the end of the war, be substantially reduced; particularly will there be a reduction of those workers of the most productive age, for it is they who make the best soldiers. Finally, in the economic and political uncertainty and disorder that will surely follow the war, the organization of the economy and the establishment of fiscal authority will be extremely difficult. Closely related to these economic factors is the problem of the territorial organization of the defeated nations. If, for example, Germany becomes partitioned into a number of small states, how shall the burden of reparations be allocated and how shall the aggregate payment be organized? In a nation like Germany in which regional specialization has been highly developed, the reduction of the country into distinct political entities will reduce the productivity of the original area. A customs union between the separate states immediately suggests itself as a method of retaining regional specialization, but such an arrangement facilitates the eventual reintegration of the nation and would probably be opposed by the victorious powers.

VII

The problem of reparations may be summarized in this fashion. The United Nations, with the exception of Russia, will probably be in an economic position after the war such that even though they were desperately in need of increased quantities of goods and services they would not be able to accept them without evoking serious maladjustments latent in their monopoly-ridden economies. The case of the Soviet Union is a special one; how successfully it may be able to accommodate the receipt of reparations will depend upon its facility in planning and its reaction to economic disturbances in the noncollectivist economies of the world. In relation to the defeated powers, the problem of reparations turns on an extremely limited capacity to pay. The wartime economic experience

of the United States and of Great Britain has demonstrated that full employment can be maintained when large transfers of goods and services are being made from productive to destructive uses and it suggests that a high level of income produced can be realized through a large volume of exports to those areas of the world sorely in need of goods but without means of payment. Wartime and other experience suggests also that if the victorious nations are willing to give these goods away, disguising their gifts, if necessary, by obtaining a questionable promise to pay, the victors will achieve two objectives: they will keep their economies operating at capacity, thereby assuaging the special interests of organized producers, and they will also effectively impede the development of the defeated nations, which being in receipt of goods specified by their conquerors will have to organize their economies to meet the requirements of their conquerors. Of course, the victorious nations then will not receive reparations; they will, on the contrary, make payments to the defeated powers. And the conquered nations presumably will suffer as the victors thrive, on this paradoxical behavior which finds its rationale in the pathology of contemporary economic organization.

GEORGE W. NORRIS, INDEPENDENT

By WALTER LOCKE

NEBRASKA, when George W. Norris came up for Congress there, was a fief of the two chief railroads of the state. The Union Pacific and the Burlington divided the bi-partite state along the valley of the Platte. The north of the Platte senator was the property of the Union Pacific. The Burlington ruled the south. The McCook district, whence Norris went to Congress, was Burlington.

The Populists, combining with the Democrats under Bryan, were then contesting this railroad rule. The Republican party was still the agent of the railroad regime. Its delegates rode to the nominating conventions on free railroad passes. Each county seat had its politician, usually a lawyer, retained by the railroads to hold the county in line and see that only the right men went to the conventions and named the right candidates.

When Norris, in the '90's, became a district judge, we took for granted that he was a Burlington man or he could not be a judge. When, in 1902, Norris was elected to Congress, the assumption was the same. George W. Holdredge, general superintendent of the Burlington, must have approved him or he would not be a congressman.

Men in Nebraska newspaper offices, knowing their politics, put Norris in the Burlington pigeonhole and forgot him there. We knew without telling what his course in Congress would have to be. Whatever the Burlington and the interests allied with it, such as the grain and lumber "trusts" and the subsidized sugar industry required of him, he, a Republican from a Burlington district, would have to do. He would do it or out of Congress he would promptly go.

We were long in discovering our mistake—and the Burlington's. The story of those years in the House and of the awakening of the Norris the nation later knew is familiar now. It was slow to reach us on his own western plains. Norris from the first was irked and disillusioned, as we later knew, by the ways of Congress under "King Caucus" and "King Cannon," then omnipotent there.

He had been born in Northern Ohio in the atmosphere of the Civil War. He had lost a brother in that war. He grew up among devoted Republicans, firm in the faith that the Republican Party was wholly good and that in politics and government that party was the only good there was. Now in Congress the things he saw done shook that faith. He saw a duty on oil for which there was no least excuse forced into a tariff bill against the will of the party majority by order of "Uncle Joe." It was a sale of legislation, a special privilege, in return for a large contribution by oil companies to the party campaign fund. Other honest Republican congressmen saw the crime and sighed. Norris saw it, went to war, and by hard, clever work prevented it.

In Nebraska we had written Norris off as a sheep for the Burlington fold. His rising rebellion, so quietly he worked and so poor a self advertiser he was, went all unknown to us. Then out of a clear sky burst the great thunderclap. Norris had bearded Joe Cannon and all he stood for in his den and won. We watched the dramatic battle in the House that day in 1910, with Norris in command, with surprise and joy.

When Norris emerged as the superb fighter who had taken the Cannon congressional autocracy to a fall, it was the answer to a Nebraska prayer. The state had been for years struggling to free itself from serfdom to its corporate controls. Revolting against a slavish legislature in 1905 it had won in 1907 the direct primary. Here now was a chance to put in the Senate a fighter reflecting the rising spirit of the state. At the first chance, in 1912, the thing was done. From that year to the end of his days George Norris kept the course then begun.

Some men who rise as he rose turn out to be men of one battle and no more. Unaffected by the lures and pressures of Washington, Norris remained to the end the same Norris who blocked the oil tariff purchase and knocked out Cannon before he became a senator.

The Senate, when Norris entered it, had in Aldrich of Rhode Island a Joe Cannon of its own. Norris was soon at grips with the Aldrich machine as he had been with the Cannon machine. The story is now a familiar one. He opposed his party's log-rolled tariff bills. The nation was amazed when a Nebraska senator refused to vote for a subsidy for a Nebraska industry. That was Norris' vote against a tariff for his own beet sugar farms and factories. Even Democratic congressmen, as a party opposing the tariff, had a way of getting into the record with a vote for subsidies for their

own local industries. Norris refused to vote for what he accounted a graft even for his own constituents.

His fight for the lame duck amendment, blocked year after year by Speaker Longworth in the House, is well known history. The level of the politics of that day is reflected in the fact that it was not the lame duck amendment which Longworth and his fellows primarily opposed but the author—any measure which Norris, the party outlaw, might propose. His almost single-handed fight to save Muscle Shoals, the germ of the TVA, is one of the dramatic incidents of our history. How Norris saved here by a brilliant parliamentary stroke a battle that seemed lost is a little known incident of that long fight. His triumph over the "yellow dog" contract; his single-handed and almost successful effort as a Nebraska senator to carry the state of Pennsylvania against an unfit candidate of his own party for the Senate; his return to his home state to win for it America's first unicameral state legislature—the record is reminiscent of the labors of Hercules.

He looked no Hercules! Norris' friends, to say nothing of his crowding enemies, disputed whether he was even great. We found him, when we came at last to know him, a man without a front. He was plain George Norris, taking the back seat in any crowd with a modesty not put on. Not till, in his talk, he came to some wrong weighing upon his mind, did the power that was in him show itself. Then would come a certain outward thrust of the jaw which told you this man, for all his mildness, was dangerous. His words were soft. Seldom did anger rule his tongue. He spoke kindly of the men he had to fight, and he felt as kindly as he spoke. But of the fighting man that unconscious thrust of jaw spoke louder than his words.

Norris had devoted friends, but not a "cabinet." No man ever needed advice less or took it less. He waited and studied till the justice in a cause came clear to him. Then, regardless of consequences, or advice of friends, he took his stand and could not be moved.

When he packed his handbag and set forth single-handed to wrest the state of Pennsylvania from the powers devouring it the whole country showered its advice. It was an absurd venture, as any man could see. Don Quixote had never been crazier. From his home state, from Washington, from everywhere came letters, telegrams, telephone calls begging him to return to his senses and leave Pennsylvania politics, which was none of

his business, alone. It was water on a duck's back. Vare had bought a Senate nomination. It was a disgrace to American politics and a menace to America. That was all Norris cared to know. Vare should not pass.

Vare was elected, but the fight Norris made had so aroused the country that the Republican Senate did not dare seat him. Vare, thanks to Norris, was turned back at the Senate door, a triumph for political decency.

Among the friends of Norris in Washington and in his home state alike, newspapermen were most numerous. They found in him one senator in whom there was no guile, and to such a rare jewel they clung with delight. The part of Paul Anderson, a Washington correspondent devoted to the senator, in frustrating in 1924 the senator's determination to retire is a tale which reflects the feeling of many a journalist.

Anderson entered Norris' office one day as a messenger boy came out. The messenger, a clerk told him, carried a telegram from the senator to his representative in Lincoln instructing him to refuse a filing for renomination. Anderson overtook the messenger, said he was from Norris who wanted the message back. Receiving it, Anderson put it in his pocket and kept it there. The senator had written the telegram in a moment of discouragement and was later induced to change his mind. But for that intercepted telegram would there have been a lame duck amendment, a TVA, an end to the Yellow Dog contract, an REA?

In 1922, Robert B. Howell, who had led the long battle for municipal water in Omaha, was elected to the Senate as Norris' colleague. Before he had been long in Washington a capital reporter broke into a press club gathering with sensational news. It was not unknown or even uncommon, the hard-boiled reporter said, for a state to have one honest senator. He was now to report, that for the first time in history a state had two honest senators simultaneously.

The friends with whom Norris' career in the Senate began remained his friends to the end. They became his friends for what he was at the beginning. They remained his friends because he never swerved. Politicians in this group were few. Norris, disgusted with spoils politics, distributed no gifts to buy an organization of his own. Insofar as he needed to be represented in politics such of his friends as C. A. Sorensen, attorney general for a time, and James E. Lawrence, collaborator in the Norris autobiography,[1] who had no private ends to serve, sufficed. The appeal

[1]George W. Norris. *Fighting Liberal*. Macmillan. $3.50.

of his record to the unorganized multitude did the rest.

From first to last he had the unyielding enmity of his party organization, both state and national. The bitterness of the party managers and the desperation to which it led them appeared in the famous "Grocer Norris" case. An obscure man in a western Nebraska town, of the same name as the senator, was induced by Republican leaders, with the knowledge of officers of the national organization, to file as a candidate for the nomination against the senator. This would have made the nomination of the senator impossible, since there would be no way to tell which Norris had been voted for. The plot was foiled only on a technicality sustained by the courts. One Republican leader went to prison for perjury in connection with the case.

Norris sinned, his whole life through, against party regularity. That, to the party machine, was treason to the party name. A Democratic regular the Republican regular could respect and even sometimes embrace as an ally. An independent was beyond the pale. The rage of the party regulars as Norris, with only the people for him, held his place, term after term, grew fiercer with the years, to be sated finally by his defeat in 1942.

That final defeat raises the omnipresent question: How could Norris, always opposed by his party machine, have remained in Congress without a break for 40 years? And why, then, was he finally beaten while at the height of national admiration and approval, by his own Nebraska folk?

His greatest service to his state, as well as to the nation, had been done in his final years. He had succeeded at last in harnessing the streams of his state for irrigation and for power. The agricultural measures which he had fostered had saved the farmers of his state from bankruptcy. The business interests of the state had been saved from extreme disaster by the rescue of the agriculture on which Nebraska business thrives. Nebraska, from 1920 till after 1929, had been sickest of the states. The droughts of the 1930's would hardly have been survived without a wholesale exodus of population but for the measures which Norris helped to provide. Now in the flush of prosperity, at the first opportunity to pass judgment on its rescuer, Nebraska voted Norris out.

The nation, through an almost unanimous press, had praised his state for its gift of Norris to his country. He had been of immeasurable value to the nation as well as to his state. He had been truly a national senator (one thing for which he was attacked by his enemies at home). Now, at

the height of the nation's praise for his extraordinary services, his state had turned him down. It had the look of crass ingratitude, of wanton cruelty. How is that explained?

It does no good to deceive ourselves concerning the stern and often bitter realities of the democratic process which we call politics. It would be pleasant to suppose that a large majority of the voters of Nebraska were so single-mindedly and intelligently attached to sheer honesty and capacity in a senator that for no other reason they put George Norris in the Senate and kept him there. In some degree this happy view holds true. But why, then, was there in the Senate only one George W. Norris? Honest men in any state are not rare; no more are honest and intelligent voters rare. Nebraska had no monopoly on either, yet it alone gave us a Norris; then took him away again.

The answer, unpleasant as it may be, is: it takes more than the honest man and the honest voter to put a Norris in Congress and keep him there.

That more is favoring time and circumstance. To recognize the part played by time and circumstance in the course of politics and the course of government is the beginning, not of spiteful cynicism, but of competent democracy. There is a time for everything. George Norris, incorrigibly independent, instinctively honest, would have been independent and honest at any time in any place. He might not, in a different time and place, have had much chance to be forty years a congressman and nationally beloved senator.

To make the opportunity which Norris so notably employed required a rare combination of circumstances. The origins of the people of Nebraska made one circumstance. The general course of the times within and without the state made another circumstance. The particular economy of Nebraska made yet another.

Nebraska, as we have said, was at the beginning of Norris' career, largely a pawn of the railroads which the state was compelled to serve and of the corporate interests which the railroads served. The railroads, making rates at their own free will, distributing privileges to serve their pleasure, held the state politically and economically in the hollow of their hands. They designated governors, legislatures, and congressmen. They made or unmade cities at their will. They decided which industries and businesses might thrive and which decay. It was a potent private totalitarianism with its privileged political and business hierarchies doing their

master's will and supervising the destinies of the rest. It was through Norris' Republican party, the party of Lincoln which he was brought up to trust, that this power ruled the Nebraska of that day.

But even while the young Norris was a judge a revolt against this rule was getting under way. The Populist Party had begun a decade before to wean Republican farmers away from their party allegiance. When Norris went to Congress in 1902 the Populists had already elected governors and congressmen. He fought them as foes of "the only party fit to govern." Not till he was in Congress, a cog in the Cannon machine in power there, and saw at first hand the power of special privilege there, were his eyes opened, his illusions dispelled.

By that time the tide of revolt which was to land him in the Senate had begun to rise in his own party. The party was dominated and its courses controlled by eastern interests. Thence came its campaign funds and the free railroad tickets on which the party leaders, state and county, rode. The organization submitted to this control. The rank-and-file Republicans, to defend their own obvious interests, had to oppose these controls. That meant revolt within the party. To the free-pass-riding Republican this was treason, but to the mass of Nebraska voters it was common sense. They revolted to such effect that in 1907 a Republican state convention routed the party machine, wrote its own platform, and smashed the machine slate of candidates.

The defiance by Senator Norris of the party machine was thus popular with the Nebraska people, though never with the party bosses. This continued long to be the fact. The farm depression following the first World War did not wait for '29. While the business boom of the Harding-Coolidge days swept up and on, the farmers slid steadily into insolvency. Republican presidents vetoed the farm relief bills which Norris helped push through Congress. His opposition to these Republican presidents was pleasing to suffering Nebraskan Republicans, save only the professional party regulars. Norris became the symbol of bold and able resistance to the powers which had so long exploited the state. Farmers began at last to see how the tariffs imposed by the party for which they had voted had bled them. They applauded Norris' tariff insurgency. They approved him so decidedly that they did in 1936 the amazing, unprecedented thing of electing him, though unsupported by any party organization, as an independent candidate. The interests of the masses of the people were served by the independence of

Norris from the first. In supporting the insurgent Norris the people of Nebraska had served their own proper economic needs and interests. And the people, with their direct primary, ruled.

Why, then, did they desert him finally in 1942?

Here enters a circumstance unrelated to Nebraska economic interests or party lines. The people, partly because of the help of such as Norris, partly by reason of the war, had become prosperous enough to be content awhile, to forget old favors and old friends. Norris' age argued against him. He was slow in deciding to run. He had no party support to bring him a "pigeonhole" block of votes and had made no great campaign. But the decisive force, without which the others would not have ruled, was one not often noted abroad or understood. To illustrate its potency, consider Norris' second election in 1918 as senator.

In 1917 Norris voted against the declaration of war with Germany. He filibustered successfully against the proposal to arm the merchant fleet against Germany. He was one of Woodrow Wilson's excoriated "Twelve wilful men." For this he was the most loudly execrated senator in all Nebraska's history. Clearly, he had committed political suicide. In the dark days of the following early winter, he came to Lincoln to visit his daughter then in the University there. All day he sat in his Lindell hotel room. A United States senator back from Washington was regularly sought by crowds. Only one person, a newspaperman,[2] ventured, in fact, to call then on the detested senator. One year later he was re-elected by an ample majority!

Had the people so respected his courage they swallowed their disapproval of his act and re-elected him? It would be pleasant so to think. A sense of reality forbids.

Nebraska, an almost empty territory until the Civil War, was settled by two chief elements. First came the Union soldiers to their free land with their unyielding Republican sympathies. The independent Republican revolt could get nowhere till their number had declined. Then came those scores of thousands of industrious immigrant Germans to whom Nebraska is most indebted for its quick rural development. They were hard-working, good citizens and with few exceptions loyal Americans. More than a third of the voters of Nebraska in 1918 were these Germans

[2]*Editor's Note:* That man was Walter Locke.

and their sons. Who can forget his fatherland? Norris had voted to keep America out of war with their old home country. A glance at the senatorial vote in the German counties told the tale. The reversal which returned in 1918 the bitterly reviled senator of the year before was no miracle, no mystery. Norris, the independent, antiwar senator had been saved by a circumstance, the "German vote."

The years rolled on and the bitterness of the war years was forgot. Muscle Shoals was saved. The lame duck was destroyed. The TVA, the unicameral legislature, "farm relief" emerged. Norris was America's most loved and approved senator. Then Hitler came.

Norris, like many who were of his antiwar mind 20 years before, was among the first to feel the portent. Promptly, strongly, he took his stand. The Nazi must be repelled. He voted and spoke for the measures to curb the German drive. He voted willingly, in 1941, to go to war—war with the fatherland of the Germans, still of their old strength at the Nebraska polls, still unable to think ill of the fatherland! He voted thus in 1941 to affront the element that saved him after 1917.

As in 1918, so in 1942, he came up for re-election the year after his vote on the declaration of war. Now he had offended, not pleased, those voters who could not forget their fatherland. The returns from strongly German counties tells the tale. The lifetime of brave service to state and nation no more availed. Circumstance, so long his aid and ally, had turned the other way. Now he was done.

The "fell clutch of circumstance" had spared him far longer than it spares most public men who stand out against the power and privilege of their time. The old senator was for a moment stunned, then he smiled. After all, his work had been its own reward.

Yet other rewards of a most heart-healing sort came pouring in. From every nook and corner of America came letters, thousands of them, glorying in the life the senator had lived. From the humblest and from the greatest the tributes poured in. There were enough to make a great volume, could they be printed, revealing what the best of Americans desire and approve in the best of their spokesmen in the best of governments. Some of these spoke of the ingratitude of republics. The senator did not. He had done a job to please himself. He did not ask for gratitude. A shower of calls for his services, something to keep him still on guard for

the people, poured in. He turned away. He had been the nemesis of the "lame duck." It was not for him, he said, to be a lame duck now.

A man who did not love people, the people as they are, could never have walked as straight before them as did he. When he thought, as he was often urged to do, of the autobiography which he might write, his mind turned from the times and events in which he had played so great a part to the boyhood and youth out of which this career of his had grown. That, to him, was the decisive thing. The Norris of the war in the Senate on graft and privilege was born, he saw, of the struggle of the half-orphan on that old Ohio farm. The parliamentary point of order in the Senate that saved Muscle Shoals was born in the country debating society of his youthful days. Norris, to the end, was what he was there on that farm, the common man, a lover and defender of the common man.

The secret of his power is not far to seek. His judgment of measures and of men, so unerring that senators hesitated long before taking sides against him, is no mystery. He was possessed, as a lover of men must be, by an abhorrence of injustice, of oppression, which he could not repress. His strength, by reason of this passion, was as the strength of ten. Wherever he saw men suffering wrong, there in the thick of the fighting was he to be found. A Pennsylvania small business man facing ruin by collusion of powerful business interests with a federal judge won his help no less readily than a constituent of his own. No Pennsylvania congressman dared listen to the complaint. It was the Nebraska congressman who could not suffer wrong who saved the little Pennsylvania man and impeached the recreant judge. To him a West Virginia coal miner, writhing under a "yellow dog" contract and an overcharged Nebraska farmer were the same. So simple is honesty, so easy is virtue to one who does justly and loves mercy and walks humbly as George Norris did.

The prophet was at last without honor in his own country, in his own house. The people had given; the people had taken away. Blessed be the name of the people, George Norris meekly said. Refusing all calls elsewhere, he turned his face homeward to the people who had at last rejected him. To his own Nebraska village whence he had come just forty years before, he returned to wait and die among the people he had loved and served so well and still loved, even though their love for him had cooled.

He vanished into his own west, carrying with him such confidence, admiration and love from the whole nation as no other senator in a century had earned; such a record of achievement, perhaps, as no other member of Congress in all history had made. Grant that circumstance gave him his opportunity and took it away again. Washington, but for the times which brought his chance, would be a forgotten Virginia squire, Lincoln a never known country lawyer. President Franklin Roosevelt, reproached for trying to do so much so fast, replied that the chance to make progress comes only three or four times in a century. He must work fast while circumstances made work possible.

These met their opportunity and had the greatness to make the most of it. The homespun senator from Nebraska, too.

LABOR IN THE COMMUNITY

By CLAYTON W. FOUNTAIN

World War II has increased greatly the grip of industrial institutions on broad sections of the American people. Millions of Americans have been newly inducted into the industrial structure. This mental and physical movement of people into the institutional pattern of industry during the war has aggravated sharply the struggle to close the gap between technological progress and social utilization of the fruits of technology. Since 1932, this struggle has been expressed in the efforts of the New Deal to carry through its program of social reform; and out of the struggle there has emerged a labor movement so strong that its force is felt in every phase of our daily lives.

Now, the labor movement attempts to lead the fight to extend democracy into the industrial and financial institutions created by industrialism. Our experience in World War II, in terms of planning for abundant production, has greatly increased public awareness of the physical fact that we can produce abundantly. This is the crucial social issue of our time.

But, in seeking democratically to close the gap between our technological potential and our institutional level of peacetime utilization of the products of industry, we collide with large and deep-rooted cultural barriers, with fortifications erected by industrialism. The strongest of these fortifications against democratic planning for abundance in peacetime is the middle-class habit of identifying middle-class interests with the policies and attitudes of the minority that rules our industrial and financial life. There lies in this mistaken identity of interests a threat to democracy that is, in fact, a fascist potential.

I

Our economic institutions are so organized that the majority of the people working in them enjoy no real independence. Millions of workers own no tools and have nothing to say about whether the factories will be busy or idle. Millions of farmers are in debt and helpless to prevent the penetration of corporate agencies into the field of agricultural finance. Millions of clerks, technicians, engineers, supervisors, and administrators

are dependent for their livelihood on the whims and fancies of an oligarchic monopoly minority. Businessmen, especially in the small and middle-sized area of commercial operations, are being engulfed rapidly by a tidal wave of monopolization. Professionals compete for a diminishing portion of the income available to pay for their services.

We grant men license to accumulate fantastic aggregations of wealth and property, but we do not compel them to administer their holdings in the public interest. We solace our national conscience with platitudes speaking of the glories of free enterprise, but we are blind to the fact that corporate property, ruled by monopoly, is neither free nor enterprising. We furnish corporations with the legal rights of individuals and are shocked when they employ these rights to betray the public interest.

Democracy cannot survive under these conditions. The monopolies, the great corporations and banks, the holding companies and other private bureaucracies are, with few exceptions, authoritarian in character, and they strive diligently to mold society to their image. They wage incessant battle against all democratic institutions—against labor unions, against co-operatives, against government agencies which place public welfare above private profit.

The struggle of the people, expressed in the movement of functional groups against the institutional restrictions erected by industrialism, gives rise to the dominant social issues of our time. It is a struggle for basic democratic rights. The industrial workers fight, through their trade unions and through pressure-group political activity, to win a more just share of the fruits of industry, and to win a democratic voice in industrial authority. The farmers fight for higher prices, for credit facilities, and against dispossession at the hands of corporations and banks. All other functional groups also struggle fiercely to advance their interests. But there is no uniformity of direction in this struggle.

Groups which ought to wage a common fight against monopoly and corporate autocracy find themselves attacking each other. Farmers fight labor; labor fights management; business fights labor and government—and the nation is convulsed in an economic-political free-for-all. Only the forces of monopoly and corporatism, whose controls over vital sections of the economy constitute the barriers obstructing social progress, demonstrate unity of purpose and action. These forces, represented by the dominant elements of big business that are determined to retain their

privileges and vested interests, stand against all other functional groups. Important middle-class functional groups in the industrial structure have identified their interests with, by and large, the interests of monopoly and corporatism. But industrialism, having lost its power to expand, except under the pressures of war, can no longer satisfy the ambitions and needs of the diverse groups of which it is composed.

At this point, where frustrated functional groups, unable to distinguish their group interests from the interests of the oligarchy that controls industrialism, rise up to demand the making of decisions in the old institutional pattern, the fascist dynamic reveals itself. This dynamic takes the form of an almost universal demand for state intervention, to restore order and so to regulate the economy as to satisfy the minimum demands of all functional groups.

In examining the political consequences of industrialism, it is interesting to hark back to the following words written by James Madison in the Federalist Papers:

> . . . the most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property. Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society. Those who are creditors, and those who are debtors, fall under a like discrimination. A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations, and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views. The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government.

The question we face today is: What kind of government shall intervene to regulate the factions and functional groups whose differences result in conflicts that injure the public interest? Madison said that it was "essential to such a government that it be derived from the great body of society, not from an inconsiderable proportion, or a favored class of it. . . ."

Madison might have been looking at the time we live in, so prophetic are his words. Our nation is divided into quarreling factions, and the cause of their differences is the unequal distribution of wealth and property. All groups demand that the government intervene to resolve the group and factional conflicts; but, side by side with the expression of this demand for intervention, there rages a contest for control of the govern-

ment. On the one side is aligned the powerful masters of finance and industry, supported by important middle-class functional groups that believe their interests lie in that direction; on the other side is the labor movement, a few farm organizations and co-operatives, some federal agencies of government, and unorganized millions loyal to the spirit of the New Deal.

This division of our society into economic functional groups, which express their ambitions and their frustrations in fierce political offensives against each other, is the most serious political consequence of industrialization. The cry for order through state intervention, which issues from those who fear loss of profits, prestige, and privilege through orderly democratization of the economy, represents the fascist dynamic. It is clear that, if we attempt to resolve these conflicts without correcting the basic economic evils out of which they arise, we shall only be doing in America what Hitler did in Germany; that is, quelling the disruptive factions under authoritarian administration of state power. That will mean fascism, dressed up probably in American slogans and traditions—but fascism just the same.

It is at this point that the role of organized labor in contemporary social change takes on crucial significance. The behavior of labor in this crisis can make or break democracy. Adolf Sturmthal, in his book, *The Tragedy of European Labor,* says:

> Most of the European labor organizations were strongly committed to the defense of democracy. It had enabled them to grow into a powerful social force and to develop institutions that were among the highest achievements of European civilization. But they failed in their decisive test. They were not able to stem the progressive disintegration of democracy and to offer a rallying point for the reconstruction of a democratic society. The defeat of democracy on the continent of Europe is no less due to the failure of labor than to the breakdown of democratic capitalism. Labor was strong enough seriously to interfere with the smooth working of the existing institutions of society, but it was neither sufficiently strong nor sufficiently constructive to rebuild society. . . .

Sturmthal further states his belief that American labor faces problems similar to those which European labor failed to solve, and he suggests that the first thing American labor has to do is "to face its political responsibility as a powerful part of the nation if democracy and free labor institutions are to survive."

II

In Europe the labor movement developed a particular kind of political consciousness, best expressed by Marxism, which impelled the trade unions toward an admitted goal of social revolution. The lack of political democracy in most European countries forced working-class organizations to focus their activities on a quest for political power. Out of this experience came the long-nourished notion, imported into the United States from Europe, that labor is inherently revolutionary in character, and that it is the historic mission of the trade unions to implement the overthrow of capitalism, peacefully if possible but by force if necessary, and to create a socialistic or communistic workers' state.

It is only recently—especially since the rise of fascism and the failure of European labor to stop its march to power—that there has developed in America the idea that perhaps the Marxist plan for social revolution does not fit the American scene. Discussion of this idea has been further promoted by the growing realization that total state ownership of all property does not necessarily bring freedom to the working class.

The fact is that American society is so divided into functional and economic groups that organized labor, as such, is a minority, and does not have the strength to attain political power of its own momentum. This is the first and most practical reason why a "labor government" is impossible of attainment in this country. The next good reason why the trade union movement, as such, cannot be used exclusively as a base from which to launch an offensive aiming at basic social change is that trade unionism is too closely interwoven with the institutional pattern of capitalism to permit of its use as a revolutionary weapon. Trade unions attain popularity and strength by bending capitalism to the short-run interests of the workers, rather than by assaulting it frontally with destructive motives. Because of this fact, important sections of the labor movement acquire a vested interest in the institutions of capitalism.

Proceeding on the assumption that a "labor government" is unattainable in America, for the reasons given above, we must inquire as to what course labor should pursue in order to weather the storms of capitalist crises and in order to deploy the forces of the organized workers to the best advantage in the struggle for a society of freedom and abundance. We must begin this inquiry by choosing an economic goal, a pattern of social

organization, toward the attainment of which our energies are to be directed in the critical times ahead.

Such an economic goal was defined recently by E. R. Bowen, General Secretary of the Co-operative League of the U. S. A., with the following description: "A true 'free economy' means neither state-owned, state-controlled, nor state-regulated monopoly, but an economy controlled from within, not from without, an economy where co-operative ownership and public ownership act as yardsticks for private ownership, in short, a mixed economy where the people determine freely which of the three forms of ownership is best suited for every field of enterprise in order to serve themselves best." This is also the goal of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation of Canada (CCF).

The unique feature of the above definitions of a "mixed economy" lies in the fact that they project transfer of the ownership of basic financial and productive facilities to social management under collective economic controls. This type of "mixed economy" is different from the "spend-lend" compensatory economy in that it aims at creating a pattern of democratic social ownership instead of pouring public funds into the breach to provide profits for faltering capitalist corporations. The difference is fundamental. Spend-lending does not strike at unearned income, i.e., profits, dividends and interest, which choke up the economy under monopoly capitalism and withhold purchasing power from the great masses of consumers. Co-operatives and public corporations do drastically diminish unearned income; they take profits, dividends, and interest out of the cost of production, and so increase purchasing power at the consumption level.

What is really projected here, under the definition of a "mixed economy," is a pattern of democratic collectivism. This goal is offered here as worthy of labor's pursuit for two reasons: First, because total state ownership, or total state control, of all the means of production will lead to a degree of bureaucracy which is incompatible with the maintenance of democracy; and, second, because a program aiming at the establishment of the pluralistic mixed economy defined above is basic enough to resolve the major contradictions of a declining capitalism but not so radical as to alienate the support of the middle-class forces without whose support democracy cannot be maintained.

To achieve such a new democratic economy, under which the living standards of all useful functional groups can be elevated, there must be

formulated a program of social action which meets the minimum needs of all such groups. This cannot be a "labor" program; that is, it must not be a set of proposals worked out by organized labor alone and offered to other groups as a basis of unified action. It must be a community program, and all of the groups it seeks to satisfy and win support from must participate in its formulation.

The need is for organized labor to make known its willingness in every community to join in the united action of workers, farmers, technicians, professionals, white collar folks and democratically-minded independent businessmen. The purpose, it must be clear from the outset, is not just to bolster up the trade unions, or simply to persuade nonlabor elements that they ought to support trade unionism—but to press for such measures of collective community action as will advance the interests of all participatng groups.

This is *not* a proposal for the creation of a "front" with which to trick middle-class elements into supporting a labor program, nor is it a scheme designed to sugar-coat "radicalism" for spoon-feeding to unwary nonproletarians. On the contrary, the proposition is that organized labor should with utter frankness renounce the mythical "revolutionary" claim to a divine right to dominate the better world that must be built, as a preliminary to offering to join with other groups around a common program of progressive action for social change toward democratic collectivism.

This does not mean that trade unionism must forsake militancy in its dealings wth the corporate powers that be. There is no reason why a display of militant unionism, involving strikes and picket lines, should frighten a farmer or a small merchant who has no direct financial stake in the conflict between the union and the employer. In spite of the control of popular channels of informaton by antilabor forces, good labor public relations programs can, and should, relate the goals of responsible unionism to the welfare of the community in such a fashion as to justify militant union action.

Such a justification of militant unionism would depend, of course, upon good judgment in the selection of issues upon which to base a display of militancy. We cannot expect nonlabor groups to approve of strikes called for reasons of jurisdiction or strikes called to bolster the position of a union that employs monopolistic practices to the injury of the public interest. No amount of clever public relations can sell the public on these

types of strikes at any time. But when a union has the good sense to assemble adequate facts to show that it is struggling for a cause so worthy that its attainment will advance the community welfare, there should be no fear that militant labor action will alienate the favor of other functional groups.

What are the objections voiced within labor against larger action for the purpose cited herein? Two are heard most loudly and most frequently: First, that middle-class elements are too conservative, too enmeshed in the decadent institutions of capitalism to join with labor in the formulation of a progressive program of social action; and, second, that whenever such middle-class forces are included in a programmatic attack on contemporary problems, their presence dilutes the program to the point of ineffectiveness.

These objections are founded, again, on the presumed desirability of a "labor government." They are valid only in respect to the assumption that domination of society by the organized sections of the working class is the goal we seek to reach. But we reject that goal. Let us see, then, in this light, whether there is any common ground upon which the middle-class groups can unite with labor in pursuit of a common objective.

III

The most important functional groups in our society, in addition to labor, are, respectively: The farmers, the technicians, managers and administrators of industry and finance, the small businessmen, the professionals, and the white collar workers. Combined with industrial labor, these groups make up the overwhelming bulk of the average American community. If they can agree to unite, and collectively to espouse a minimum common program, they can shape the will and action of the nation.

To begin with the farmers, it must be admitted that the bulk of the agricultural population is generally hostile to the labor movement. But it is also true that the typical American farmer is traditionally distrustful of business and banking interests. And the farmers do have legitimate grievances against *status quo* capitalistic institutions. They have rarely enjoyed prosperity, except in wartime; they have been nearly helpless to stop downward movements in the prices they get for their products, and in return the prices charged them for farm implements have been heavily

inflated with the costs of profits and dividends. They have had to fight hard for fair credit rates; and, in spite of all their efforts, farm tenancy has increased as the banks, insurance companies, and corporations have turned millions of acres into agricultural factories. It is at this point, then —at the point of the farmer's grievances against private monopolies which prey upon his security of income and tenure of ownership—that we must start our work of inviting the farmer to work with labor. Our purpose must not be to get him to support a "labor program," but to discover what labor and farmers can do together to solve the problems of both groups. What are the approaches to this basis of unity?

First, we must support the farmer in his fight to maintain the family-type, owner-operated farm as the basis of American agriculture. This does not mean that we flatly oppose introduction of the techniques of collectivization into the field of agriculture. But, when the compulsions of technology and economic pressure make collective endeavor essential to the welfare of specific groups of farmers, such collectivization should occur only in the form of democratically-operated co-operatives controlled by the farmers themselves.

Second, we must explain to the farmer that we are not trying to seduce him into supporting a political program which will result in a "labor dictatorship run by union bosses." What we are aiming at, it must be made clear to the farmer, is a free economy controlled by a people's government, under which no citizen will be subjected to arbitrary exercise of power by capitalist bosses or political bosses.

Third, labor must greatly increase its participation in the organization of co-operatives. The co-ops offer the most practical of meeting grounds within which workers and farmers share a community of interest. Farm co-ops have gone a long way toward reduction of the bottlenecks of unearned income in the form of profits and dividends; they could go much farther with the active aid of organized labor. In the field of the many forms of insurance alone, industrial workers annually turn over many millions of dollars to monopolistic businesses which use the money to the injury of both workers and farmers. Insurance co-ops could reclaim these millions for investment in the expansion of co-operative factories and distributive facilities. Even trade union reserves, which are usually placed in private banks to be used at the banker's will, could be loaned, on a

sound investment basis, to farm co-ops which are struggling to expand further into the productive field.

The average farmer may be superficially conservative, but at root he is truly radical in the sense that he believes in freedom. This is proved by his devotion to co-operatives, which are the purest form of free collectivism. The major trouble with endeavors to establish farmer-labor unity in the past has been that the laborites were always trying to make the farmer over into what they thought he ought to be, in order to persuade him to accept some doctrinaire form of leftism, instead of working with him at his own level of culture.

There are no insuperable barriers to farmer-labor unity. It can be attained if a basis of mutual trust is created; it is essential to the maintenance of democracy, for no progressive movement can either win power or hold power without the support of the farmers.

The technicians, managers, and administrators of industry and finance will prove a much more difficult group to win over to co-operation with labor. They have long identified their interests with the capitalists and bankers in whose employ they labor. But, since their welfare is directly dependent on the productivity of industry and the vitality of the financial system, an appeal must be made to them in terms of their stake in an expanding, democratically-controlled economy.

These people are not lackeys of capitalism, and we ought to cease to think of them as such. They are mostly well-educated, alert and highly skilled Americans, trained in the intricate details of designing, engineering, management, and administration, without whose talents and capacities our complex industrial mechanism cannot function. We must appeal to their pride and their skill, emphasizing the importance of their role in society, and pointing out to them how essential it is to their own interests that they lend their support to a full-employment, full-production program of economic democracy. We must show them how monopoly capitalism, with its economic bottlenecks of idle unearned income and its arbitrary concentration of power, can no longer provide them with job satisfaction, rising incomes, or advancement. In this fashion, and by offering them a share of responsibility in social reconstruction equal to their status in society, they can be made to see the desirability of their joining with labor and other groups around a progressive program.

The same holds true for the professionals. This group includes the doctors, lawyers, teachers, social workers, artists, writers and others who possess special talents and skills acquired by long periods of study and training. As industrialization has proceeded, these talented groups have increasingly identified their interests with the policies of the ruling financial oligarchy. Psychologically speaking, this leaning of the professionals toward a capitalist outlook is a paradox. In its declining years, capitalism has manifested a growing determination to block the development of democratic techniques in the fields of education and creative expression. Thus the professionals who lend their political support to the program of big business are placed in the odd position of joining in a campaign which aims secretly at destruction of the democratic educational processes to which most professionals are indebted for their training and skills.

Without democracy, there can be no free educational system under which professionals can develop their talents to the best of their ability. But democracy and free education are under attack by big business, because democratic education exposes the evils of monopoly capitalism and motivates people to press for democratization of the economic system. In a cultural sense, then, professionals are literally undermining their own functional interests when they support the political program of big business. This can only mean lessened freedom, decreased opportunities, and cultural stagnation for the professionals.

Economically, too, the professionals have a stake in the solution of the postwar employment and production problem. When industrial employment declines, the workers have less to spend for the services of the professionals, and the professionals are as a consequence less able to purchase the goods produced by the workers.

If, therefore, the professionals can be persuaded to lend their support and their talents to a program of democratic planning for freedom and abundance, in the formulation of which they have shared, the results will bring them far more cultural freedom and economic security than they can ever get under a system controlled by big business.

Small businessmen also have a stake in the success of the program advanced by our progressive coalition. Like the farmers, these small operators in the realm of commerce and industry have many just grievances against the corporate autocracy that rules the world of finance

and business. They are victims of monopolization and unregulated competition. Their interests are closely linked to the interests of labor in the sense that, when industrial unemployment reduces the payrolls of the community, the small business operators are first to feel the loss of trade. And they are least equipped in the business world to withstand long periods of reduced income. Usually they operate on the proverbial shoestring and can ill afford the sudden economic blows of unemployment and depression. Often their reserves are tied up in credit granted to their customers. On the other hand, when impelled to expand or improve their businesses, they can obtain credit only with great difficulty if at all. When their businesses compete with monopolistic corporations and chains, and they cannot get the credit with which to expand, they are compelled to fold up and go out of business.

There is a definite place for the small businessman in an economic system which is made to expand under democratic controls. But the small businessman must learn that he is only hastening his own ruin if he supports the big business concept of "free enterprise." It is essential that an intensive effort be made to convince the small businessman that he belongs in a progressive coalition which is devoted to the job of ridding our country of monopolistic controls which are the death of little businesses. This is the only way in which he can retain his functional identity and enlarge his economic opportunities.

Finally, the white collar folks, too, must be brought into the united action of all useful functional groups. This will not be too difficult. In recent years there has been a growing movement toward unionization among the white-collar elements. Being the lowest paid among the middle classes, white-collar workers are learning faster than other sections of the middle class that collective action is their only salvation. But unionization and collective bargaining is only part of the answer to their problems. Like the industrial workers, their fate is tied to the index of business activity; they can only enjoy security and opportunity in an expanding economy.

Since they have a distinct functional identity in our society, and since their functions are important to the operation of an industrial society, the white-collar folks must be included in our progressive movement. They have a contribution to make to a program for economic democracy, and

their support is essential to any movement which aims at establishment of a people's government.

In summing up the relation of these functional groups to the organized labor movement, it is necessary to stress the main reason why these groups have been, and are, distrustful of trade unionism. That reason is a fear that, if the trade unions become too powerful, politically or economically, they will force a reduction of the cultural and economic status of the middle classes. It is not that the middle classes do not want the industrially employed class to advance; it is that the middle classes have been led to believe that the lower classes can only advance at the expense of the middle class. This is why the middle classes have been so easily persuaded to support the antidemocratic activities of the upper class—yes, even to support fascism, as they did in Germany—because they think that they must inevitably go down as industrial labor comes up.

The answer to this fear must be the expression by organized labor of a willingness to join with the middle class functional groups (including the farmers) in a progressive movement that has the political power to carry through an economic program under which all groups can advance without losing either their liberty or their identity.

* * *

It is not the author's purpose here to predict precisely the ultimate form which this movement will take. History alone will determine that. But the beginning must be made at the grass roots, at the community level. Organized labor can take the initiative; first, by expanding the scope of trade unionism to a high level of active participation in community matters of housing, health, taxation, racial relations, recreation, music, and education; second, by employing the fact of such participation in community affairs, and the good results that are bound to come as a result of this democratic activity, as a basis for building the functional democratic political coalition. This broadens into a larger perspective: At root, the need for the democratic unity and action of functional groups is also the need for a realignment of political forces in America; a realignment that will implement the growth of a political party of the people, like the Canadian CCF, which is big enough and broad enough to win the support of all useful functional groups.

WE NOTE . . .

YOGI, COMMISSAR — OR HUMANIST?

Mr. Hicks' article in the present issue is a brilliant and provocative estimate of Arthur Koestler, and it raises a number of important problems. One of them, that dealing with Russia and Communism, is treated in the current *Review* editorial. There is at least one other question, perhaps much more significant yet not easy to talk about; in fact, Mr. Hicks almost entirely omits it. A quotation from Koestler, which Mr. Hicks uses, is what is intended here: "The significance of our era is that science has been forced by its own development to recognize its own limitations, and thus to make room again for the other way of knowing [contemplation], whose place it usurped for almost three centuries."

This kind of thing is what makes Koestler a "harmful guide and teacher," and — despite (if that is the right word) his psychological profundity and Dostoyevskian flavor—sends him along the road trod by all the present retreaters from reason. And the recognition of this "failure of nerve" is what seems to make Mr. Davis' analysis more philosophically sound, even though it lacks the pyrotechnic display that intramural wrangling among the Left invariably touches off. Depth charges are never as spectacular as fireworks.

These are dogmatic assertions. They ought to be justified a little. However, the justification cannot take on the dimensions of one more exposition and defense of scientific humanism. That job has been well done in the past by *Review* writers like John Dewey, Sidney Hook, Max Otto, Clarence Ayres, Horace Fries, and others. But at least two sub-themes can be suggested here.

One is well recognized by Mr. Hicks when he admits the "awkwardness" with which Koestler moves among the findings of science. But it is more than awkward for even a "literary man" to understand science as no more, for example, than the reduction of ethics to psychology and anthropology. This kind of "reduction," or explaining by explaining away, may have been part of the "philosophy of nothing but," of the rather old-fashioned, nineteenth-century materialism and idealism, remembrances of which Koestler and Mr. Hicks might have carried over from the time when they were "scientific" Marxists. To regard it as the equivalent of modern scientific methodology with its almost compulsive concern with levels of experience and with *functional* continuities is as bizarre as Koestler's intolerable notion that for three centuries science has usurped human knowing. The whole problem of the modern world—to speak didactically—is the fight that science has been waging against what Clarence Ayres calls the "ceremonial" remnants of prescientific institutionalisms. Instead of usurping the human mind, science — that is, scientific method — has been battling to overcome the intellectual hangovers of man, especially in those areas where vested interests and institutional prejudices still romp and play. These are, again, bald assertions. But Mr. Koestler can find them more suitably covered if he would only study a little the writers who have been exploring, admittedly

in nonliterary form, the quiet but revolutionary impact of scientific methods on modern culture.

The second point is also recognized by Mr. Hicks when he admits, at least implicitly, that Koestler's dualism between the Yogi and the Commissar is more theatrical than dramatic. Yet there is not even an oblique reference to what would be needed to reduce the dualism. To be forced to choose between the Commissar, who supposedly believes that the ends justify the means, and the Yogi, who is allegedly concerned only with subjective controls and not with public results, is not simply a matter of literary unpalatableness; nor is it merely an outcome of that "prejudice in favor of bold dichotomies," which, in Koestler, Mr. Hicks regards with some lenience. Resentment of such a fictitious dualism indicates sensitivity to the fatal polarity that has plagued man for so long, the tragic and essentially meaningless separation of ends from means. To sever the two is about as intelligent as a disjunction between cause and effect. One makes no sense without the other. Consequences, like effects, are what they are because of the steps that have brought them about; and means, like causes, are but blind, dismembered events if they are not part of a serial process. To flit from one ("Change from Without") to the other ("Change from Within") is not only a sign of the frustrated intellectual, for whom Mr. Hicks has a soft spot. It is to do nothing less than misread the whole history of ideas, at least since Galileo. It is to divide "philosophy" from "science," and morals from technology — to make frustrate, therefore, not merely the disillusioned novelist but the entire course of modern humanism.

Mr. Hicks offers an implicit denial that he (or Koestler, for that matter) can be judged as among the "burnt-out Marxists" who are hanging on the pendulum as it swings to mysticism. He does not admit the indictment made some weeks ago in the *New Republic* which pointed out that since only a purist can become a "good" Communist, the purism will remain even though the Communism goes. We accept Mr. Hicks' disavowal of that logic in his case, especially since the purpose of this Note certainly is not meant to be personal in any way. Nevertheless, this interesting reference to the purist, or absolutist, mind has implications that go far beyond any discussion of Communism or of the Left. In this particular connection the implication should be clear: it is only an absolutist (and a meaning of "absolute" was proposed in a We Note in the last issue of the *Review* — that which is divorced from a context and is therefore meaningless or arbitrary) who must see salvation in terms of blacks and whites—or reds and whites; it is only a purist who can make sense of an option between ends *or* means. It would probably be grotesque to suggest that instead of Yogi or Commissar a symbol of the Scientific Humanist or the Instrumentalist would have infinitely more relevance and sanity; it would be grotesque because our ceremonial atavisms have not yet gone beyond the priest or the dictator ideographs. So one must end on a negative note, which can be no more (or no less) than this: if ever man is somehow forced to choose between Yogi and Commissar, he shall have written off the entire history of creative intelligence.

—G.R.G.

PLANNING FOR FULL EMPLOYMENT

Nearly all plans and prognostications of our postwar economy, whether they emanate from the right or the left, are usually in agreement in stressing the necessity of the United States maintaining, if not full, at least high employment. This attention to the problem of full employment is probably due to the juxtaposition in American life of (1) the depression of the 1930's with its concomitant underemployment, and (2) the high production and full employment of our wartime economy. If these two experiences illustrate the old saw that "Experience is a dear school but fools will learn in no other," we can indict the American people as fools but at the same time we must admit that they have learned how to avoid depression and unemployment.

All proposals for the postwar economy, unless they are prepared in a social vacuum, must be written in the context of these two experiences in American life. One of the best studies to derive from the experiences of the depression and our unprecedented war production is a pamphlet recently published by the National Planning Association entitled *National Budgets for Full Employment.*

In planning the national economy how should we go about budgeting our total production and consumption? This is the challenge which *National Budgets for Full Employment* seeks to meet in setting up a budget of income and expenditures for the year 195x based upon the price level of 1941. Fortunately for the validity of this kind of budget making we already have much of the necessary data bearing on the operation of the whole economy. Already familiar terms entering into the budget estimates are Employed Labor Force, Gross National Product, and National Income. The estimates of Gross National Product and National Income probably err on the side of being too conservative. Certainly a figure of $170 billion for the National Income for 195x, given full employment, appears conservative enough.

But even with such a conservative estimate of National Income the problem of balancing the budget becomes a formidable one. At this point should be emphasized the fundamental difference between balancing a full-employment budget and balancing a fiscal budget. In the fiscal budget it is expenditures which tend to outrun receipts and if current revenues are insufficient to cover current expenditures we experience a deficit. It is such deficits we have had in the federal budget since 1930. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is the failure to balance the full employment budget which largely explains our fiscal budget deficits. In order to maintain full employment the budgetary problem is to find expenditures to balance the estimated income.

National Budgets for Full Employment assumes as given an income of $170 billion. It is clear that the national income cannot remain at $170 billion unless expenditures equal income. So, the pamphlet mainly concerns itself with the various schemes of providing an expenditure outlet for the total estimated national income at full employment. Three main plans, or models as they are called, are set up to provide the expenditures needed to sustain a national income of $170 billion. The first plan is that of the "Government" model where the gap between national

income and expenditures is met through increased government outlays. But this solution is not deemed a wholly happy one for it will "require a rather drastic readjustment of our concepts of appropriate Government activities in peacetime."

The second plan is the "Business" model although, as the authors point out, it could more appropriately be called the "Investment" model. Under the Business model a total of $17.3 billion would have to be spent for producers' plant and equipment. "If Business kept adding new capacity at such a rate, without changing its practices of replacement and demolition, productive capacity would be doubled in something like ten years." Such a situation in the absence of the socialization of productive property would be likely to bring in its train a repetition of the 1929 calamity.

The third plan to balance national expenditures to national income is that of the "Standard of Living" model. This model seeks to increase the income and hence the expenditures of the lower-income groups. The reasoning followed in proposing the Standard of Living model fits into the well-known principles of the purchasing-power school of economics. If the income of the poorer half of the population can be raised relative to the income of the well-to-do, savings will automatically diminish and the problem of balancing the full employment budget will by that much be alleviated. "Since the incomes actually received by, say, the lower half are inadequate for what we consider an American standard of living, such a change would clearly be desirable on general social grounds."

National Budgets for Full Employment is not valuable primarily because of its suggestions to increase national expenditures to balance national income at full employment. Its economic analysis is wholly along lines that are now recognized as Keynesian orthodoxy. Rather, its value lies in setting up an over-all scheme into which thinking about full employment can fit. It has still to be proved that we can maintain full employment in an economy of private ownership of productive property without some of the controls we have utilized during the war; certainly it cannot be done without over-all planning. And *National Budgets for Full Employment* offers a useful frame of reference in which to evaluate programs of national planning. Furthermore, it furnishes the kind of analysis which will be necessary to implement the provisions of the Murray Full Employment Bill which is now before Congress.

The authors of this pamphlet have successfully brushed through the foggy concepts of pecuniary relationships and established themselves on the firm ground of technological realities. Not that they have wholly freed themselves from the dogma of classical orthodoxy. On page 21 the statement is made, "Inasmuch as consumption is the ultimate object of economic activity . . ." But they are unable to follow through their priority on consumer wants as the mainspring of economic activity. That consumption is the *ultimate* end of economic activity is a dogma of classical orthodoxy. But as Professor Ayres has cogently pointed out, in his *Theory of Economic Progress,* consumption no more than production can be accounted the motivating force of economic activity. Rather, that force can be rationalized as the desire "to keep the machines running."

—V. C.

THE READER WRITES

Mr. Barnes' Economic Equivalent of War

To the Editor:

Allow me to put in a decided objection to the way Mr. Barnes has shouldered aside the most important point in the economic situation: the circulation of the national income. He likens emphasis on it to putting too much sail on a ship. A better simile would be the proper distribution of weight in a ship. That must be done whatever else is done or undone. So with the relation between production and selling.

Unemployment has two phases. First, there is the normal unemployment which is a necessity for private enterprise, which exists even in wartime and is much larger in peacetime. Beveridge thinks it can be kept down to 3 per cent, but generally it has been much larger.

Then there is the epidemic unemployment of depressions. This so confuses all attempts to regulate normal unemployment that the best laid plans have to be based on wild guesses of future events.

If depressions can be prevented, then it will be possible to investigate normal unemployment statistically and set aside a definite share of the national income to relieve it. Depressions can be prevented, so it is of the first necessity to prevent them. Then private enterprise may have a chance to be something better than a succession of disasters.

As Henry Pratt Fairchild and others have amply demonstrated, the stability of business depends on the continuous return to business of the money it has paid out to get things to sell. This payment is the entire national income, if we include the drawing accounts of the owners of business.

The money paid out can come back to business only by way of buying what business has to sell: goods and services. That is, as much as the entire income of the community must be spent, on the average, as fast as business pays it out. That does not mean that everyone must spend all his income as fast as he gets it, for three reasons. First, a good deal of saving consists in buying or building things of permanent use, such as houses, which enrich the owner but return income to circulation.

Second, most savings of the lower-income groups are eventually spent for the support of youth and old age, so that for the great mass, income and spending are equal. Third, bank-created money or credit fills many gaps in circulation, giving savers time to plan large investments, and business time to wait for its money. This is not all good, for when the money market gets tight savings are used to pay off loans. This takes money out of circulation and contributes to the depression. So in the long run net savings must be limited to the amount actually used for the expansion of production.

Ethically, the way people use their incomes is highly important. Economically it is not. There will be no depressions if all the people spend their money as fast as they get it, no matter what for. They can buy shoes or ships or sealing wax or cabbages or fireworks, or pay it out in service wages or donations to poor relations or churches. Business will get the money they spend and their retainers will spend what they get. All the money will go back to business, business will pay it out again in process of replenishing its stock, and the total income will stay up to its former level. This will produce confidence to increase production. The fiat money used for this purpose will become income and stay in circulation.

This condition can be produced by the regulation of taxes. Taxes on business are sales taxes for the most part, which means taxing the poor more heavily than the rich. This is unjust, and economically it is a mistake, for it tends to increase the savings of the rich, by which depressions are made.

The control of saving must be made by taxes laid on unused income, whether by individuals or by corporations. So far as individuals are concerned, this can be effected by a high basic tax rate with exemptions for any kind of spending. This is on the purely economic, unethical side. Some may object to giving exemption for money spent in debauchery, but that is beside the point.

If the taxes which bear on saving are made high enough to limit total saving to what is necessary for business expansion, depressions will be prevented, and then normal unemployment can be intelligently dealt with.

This program entails no hardship on anyone. The savings of the poor can be ignored by the taxing authority, for they have no effect on the circulation of money. The rich can have everything they want. They will only be prevented from keeping what they do not want. If the exemptions prove to be so high as to make the national revenue too small, they can be safely lowered until the budget is balanced, for what the government gets all goes back to business by way of purchases and salaries.

Therefore, just as the first requirement of a ship is that it shall stay right side up, so it is the first requirement of an economic policy that business depressions shall be prevented.

Pittsburgh, Pa. ARCHIBALD CRAIG

CONTRIBUTORS

IRWIN STARK's "The Bridge" is the longest piece either of fiction or non-fiction to appear in these pages to date. Readers will remember an earlier Stark story, "Dear Sam," in our Summer, 1944 issue. Mr. Stark teaches English in a New York City high school and is at present working "on a long-postponed novel."

RALPH ELLISON was an editor of the *Negro Quarterly,* now unhappily deceased, and he has published fiction and critical articles in such magazines as *New Masses, Tomorrow, Common Ground,* and *Direction.* At present he is in the Merchant Marine. He is the winner of a Rosenwald Fellowship for creative writing for 1945.

GRANVILLE HICKS, in his consideration of Arthur Koestler, broaches a problem now engrossing the attention of many liberals. We hope to publish other articles of opinion on the general subject. Mr. Hicks is now at work on a book concerned, "in part, with the life of a small community"

J. MITCHELL MORSE is assistant editor of *The Nation,* and has written a number of articles on domestic problems for that magazine. He has two brothers in the army.

HEINZ EULAU is an assistant editor of *The New Republic.* He received his Ph.D. in 1941 from the University of California where he also taught political science. He has contributed frequently to the academic journals as well as to *The Nation* and *PM.*

STEPHEN SPENSER, a Ph.D. in economics, has taught the subject and has contributed to the technical journals in the field. He is now in government service abroad.

WALTER LOCKE is editor of the *Dayton Daily News* and contributing editor to the *Springfield News, Atlanta Journal,* and *Miami News.* From 1904 to 1926 he was associate editor of the *Nebraska State Journal* at Lincoln. He is a trustee of Antioch College.

CLAYTON W. FOUNTAIN started working in the automobile industry at 19 and became active as a union member in the sit-down strike period. More recently he has been attached to the Consumer Division, UAW-CIO, working on the organization of co-ops and credit unions and the development of improved relations with farm organizations.